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The Racist Factor in American History

By HARVEY WISH

PRESIDENT TRUMAN, in urging his Civil Rights program upon the country, has pointed out that existing racist injustices have embarrassed the Administration in the conduct of foreign policy. Communist members of the UN and writers in the Soviet press do not miss an opportunity to inform the world that American democracy is allied to racism. Nazi propagandists, as most readers will recall, also bore down heavily upon discriminations within the United States. Although Asiatics have their own racial problems, they have often been influenced by the communist-fostered propaganda regarding racism in America. The Oriental suspicion of the white man, intensified by centuries of colonialism, has focused upon the United States.

Though Americans can point out that the situation has considerably improved in this country while some areas like the Union of South Africa have become much worse, this offers small comfort to the sincere democrat. If America is to hold an effective moral leadership in the world today, she must obviously set an example of ethnic and racial democracy as well as political and economic freedom.

Few countries have shown an ability to assimilate easily large groups of alien peoples, much less those of high color visibility. Both primitive and civilized societies have been marked by strong pressures for cultural and racial homogeneity, often in the most uncompromising intolerant form. Modern nationalism and colonialism have worsened this tendency. The Soviet nationality policy offers not assimilation as a solution but political federalism in which each nationality or race retains ethnic autonomy within a

restricted communist framework of political, military, and economic centralization. The real problem is avoided through Soviet restrictions upon freedom of movement within the USSR. In view of the overwhelming factor of coercion within the Soviet Union among all its people, it is impossible to draw any helpful scientific deductions from the Soviet experiment. To substitute class war for racist conflicts offers no solution whatsoever.

In the American experience, the rapid peopling of a continent has brought with it racist and ethnic problems of such magnitude as to threaten the very nature of our democracy. The remarkable fact is that this nation has been able to achieve so much voluntarily in the direction of human equality despite the unique problems of making major cultural adjustments involving Indians, Negroes, Chinese, Southern and Eastern Europeans, and others outside the original Anglo-Saxon framework. Insofar as segregation exists, the basic human problem has been circumvented rather than solved.

At the turn of the twentieth century, an English Jew, Israel Zangwill, wrote a popular play, *The Melting Pot*, which caught the fancy of both Americans and Europeans and crystallized the age-long aspiration of human beings for cultural acceptance. Zangwill's hero, a Jewish immigrant, finds America "God's crucible," a democratic melting pot for the newcomers from Europe. The playwright conceived of each people as capable of making a contribution to the culture of their adopted land, not as individuals who might forfeit their personality to a mechanical process of amalgamation. Though he was not quite a "cultural

pluralist" accepting a segmented structure of society, he was definitely a believer in cultural democracy. Since Zangwill's day, the most progressive opinion has shied away from the idea of a crudely assimilationist "melting pot" in favor of a natural blend of cultures enriching the native stock.

II

Historically, racialism arrived in the English-speaking areas of the New World at the very beginning. While Catholic Spain and France conceived of America as a land exclusively for the faithful and hence tried to bar non-Catholic immigrants, these countries did not practice racialism; baptism was the open sesame to acceptance. Indians might be exploited economically but no racial bars existed to intermarriage. On the other hand, the Protestants who peopled the lands within the present limits of the United States rejected intermarriage—though not sexual relations—with the Indians, save for such exceptional matches as that of John Rolfe and Pocahontas. Possibly one explanation for this difference in practice was the fact that the Latin migrations were heavily male, while the others moved largely in family units. Whatever the reason, the fact stands and was noted by contemporaries. The Virginia planter and historian, William Byrd II, wrote in the early Eighteenth Century of the unique prejudices of Puritans and Virginians:

These Saints, conceiving the same aversion to the Copper Complexion of the Natives, with that of the First Adventurers of Virginia, would on no terms, contract [marital] Alliances with them. . . . Whatever disgusted them I can't say, but this false delicacy creating in the Indians a Jealousy that the English were ill affected towards them was the cause that many of them were cut off, and the rest Exposed to various Distresses. . . .

Byrd went on to express an unusually tolerant view for his day and class of slaveowners:

All Nations of men have the same Natural Dignity, and we all know that very bright

Talents may be lodg'd under a very dark Skin. The principal Difference between one People and another proceeds from the Different opportunities of Improvement.

Racialist theory in the South begins with the earliest English regulations affecting Negro slaves. In a recent book on the colonial South, Professor Wesley F. Craven of New York University argues that the English lawmaker was motivated by the desire to maintain "racial integrity." There was an economic factor involved also. As long as the Negroes were "heathen," their enslavement could be justified on religious grounds, but once they were converted, it was necessary to base the rightness of slavery upon the Negro's alleged racial inferiority. To preserve "racial integrity" Virginia in 1662 doubled the penalties for whites who had sex relations with Negroes. One court judgment in the Colony read significantly: "Hugh Davis to be soundly whipped, before an assembly of negroes and others for abusing himself to the dishonor of God and shame of Christians, by defiling his body in lying with a negro." Similar racial laws existed in colonial Maryland and elsewhere. How effective these laws were may be inferred by the steady increase of mulattoes in the South.

It is unnecessary to repeat the history of two centuries of Negro slavery as a factor in race relations. The fear of slave insurrections delayed emancipation and the alleged danger of Africanization led the non-slaveholding majority to unite with slaveholders in keeping the Negro "in his place" and to resist the abolitionist effort to disturb white man supremacy. Parenthetically, it should be added that antebellum Northerners, too, practiced racialism, segregated the Negro, and in states like Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, even forbade Negroes to testify in the courts. Only recently have historians noted that the basic precedent for legal segregation, the idea of "separate and equal accommodations" for the races, was set in a Northern case. This was *Roberts*

v. *The City of Boston* (1848) involving a petition by a Negro to permit him to send his daughter to a local public school for whites. Charles Sumner's eloquence on that occasion failed to alter the belief of Judge Shaw that segregation was a reasonable use of the power of classification held by public officials.

One curious quirk of Southern psychology was the fact that anti-Negro prejudices apparently had not the slightest effect upon attitudes toward Jews. In fact the antebellum South could boast that only there had Jews been elected to the highest offices. The only Jewish members of the federal Senate were Southerners, Judah P. Benjamin of Louisiana and David Levy Yulee of Florida, who were twice elected. They had intermarried with old Southern families and Benjamin, at least, never renounced his faith. It was possible for the brilliant Judah P. Benjamin, despite his oft-cited Jewish characteristics, to rise so far as to become one of the greatest figures of the Confederacy, one of the real powers associated with Jefferson Davis. Another Jew, Commodore Uriah P. Levy of Philadelphia, received such acceptance in the South that he became deeply attached to it, purchased Jefferson's home, Monticello, and later converted it into a public memorial.

In the effort to keep the Negro down, Southern leaders adopted a complete racist ideology. It is not generally known that Southern anthropologists produced an early English translation of a Nazi bible—Count Joseph Arthur de Gobineau's book, *The Moral and Intellectual Diversity of Races* (1856). The editor, Dr. Joseph C. Nott of the University of Louisiana, also published a racist work of his own, *Types of Mankind* (1854) which argued that the Negro belonged to a permanently inferior type. Jefferson Davis and Alexander Stephens heartily endorsed the extreme racist book of Dr. John H. Van Evrie, *Negroes and Negro Slavery*, which was filled with pseudo-scientific evidence for the Negro's

inherent backwardness. Among a host of proslavery propagandists, the prolific George Fitzhugh of Virginia wrote two books and over a hundred articles to prove that liberalism was so completely incompatible with slavery and the race situation that it must be utterly rejected. When the Confederacy was set up, Vice President Stephens declared flatly, "Our new government is founded upon . . . the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery—subordination to the superior race—is his natural and normal condition."

The Civil War disposed of slavery but made the issue of racialism more distinct than ever. No quarrel with the North during the days of Reconstruction was quite so bitter as the battle over "Africanization." Radical idealists like Charles Sumner hoped that Reconstruction would mean an experiment in democratic race relations, but racists fought back with such tactics as the underground Ku Klux Klan and flagrant provocations for race riots. Yankee teachers were ridiculed, Northern visitors were lumped together as "carpetbaggers," and white dissident Southerners were denounced as "scalawags," traitors to white supremacy.

After Reconstruction, the Bourbon coalition of planters and industrialists either disfranchised the Negro or used his vote to keep themselves in power by marching the freedmen to the polls. They patronized conservative Negro leaders like Booker T. Washington who frankly accepted segregation and believed that his race must be content for the moment with earning a living rather than gaining a higher education or civil rights. Philanthropists supported Negro education and Northern employers who resisted unionization welcomed Negroes as strikebreakers and devoted workmen. However, Southern textile manufacturers of the Bourbon New South barred Negroes from jobs in the mills; the opportunity to supplement low rural incomes was restricted to Caucasians. Economy-minded Bour-

bons converted the Negro chain-gang into an inexpensive method of building roads, bridges, and public constructions. Sheriffs provided thousands of Negro prisoners for local projects by methods outside the traditional legal frame-work.

In 1890, however, the Bourbons were overthrown by the "demagogues"—men like "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman of South Carolina and J. K. Vardaman of Mississippi. These leaders disliked the Negro as the tool of the well-to-do Bourbons and as an economic competitor of the white worker. They completed the process of disfranchisement and stood by complacently while some of their followers lynched Negroes on the largest scale in Southern history. Even if innocent Negro suspects were taken away from the sheriffs and lynched, the act served to intimidate other "uppity niggers." To the sentimental, such persecution could be justified in the name of racial purity as typified by Southern womanhood.

In 1915, with the Demagogue regimes in flower, a new Ku Klux Klan originated in Georgia with a program of hate broad enough to include Catholics, Jews, Liberals, and labor leaders, as well as Negroes. This was the year when D. W. Griffith, a Kentuckian, produced a movie idyll of Southern womanhood in *The Birth of a Nation*, based on the novel, *The Klansman*, written by a North Carolina Baptist clergyman, Thomas Nixon. The story pictured the old Klan as the savior of chaste Southern womanhood against the bestiality of the Negro. Despite protests by liberals of both races, the motion picture was so enthusiastically received that many Northerners were ready to believe that the Klan had been maligned and that Negroes were no better than the racialists held.

Even before this time racialism in the North had also been galvanized by the pressure groups who demanded that the Anglo-Saxon peoples fulfil their world destiny to rule over lesser breeds without the law. The magic of Kipling's imperial-

ism had been translated by such politicians as Albert Beveridge, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Theodore Roosevelt. Thousands were eager to take up the "white man's burden." The great apostle of sea-power, Alfred Thayer Mahan, made imperialism a duty of the Anglo-Saxon nations. Simultaneously, there went on the great debate over immigration. The Chinese had been excluded after the West Coast and short-sighted unions sponsored racist and economic measures against them. Eastern and Southern Europeans, Catholics, and Jews were next the target of the restrictionists. Japanese exclusion followed in 1924 under circumstances particularly insulting to the Orientals.

By the middle Twenties, racialism seemed firmly in the saddle. The South had its new "racial integrity" laws to stop the practice of "passing" and preserve the purity of the Caucasian stock. In the style later popularized by the Nazi Nuremberg laws, eleven states defined a Negro as a person with one Negro great-grandparent. Alabama, Georgia, and Virginia went even further in banning intermarriage between whites and anyone suspected of having any Negro blood. The caustic editor of the *Richmond News Leader* pointed out that had the racial integrity laws been enforced early enough they would have branded as Negroes two presidents of the United States, two Senators, an ambassador to France, three governors, five generals, and many aristocratic members of the "first families of Virginia." In Congress, the National Origins Act was passed with a quota system aimed directly at non-Anglo-Saxon peoples. Popular writers or academicians, including MacDougall, Osborn, Wiggam, Stoddard, and others either emphasized the aristocratic cult of eugenics and heredity or spoke outright the language of Aryan superiority. In those days, anthropologists like Franz Boas of Columbia, who fought this trend, were belittled as representatives of lower races. Henry Ford's campaign against Jews in

the *Dearborn Independent* was in full swing. Colleges, as Ludwig Lewisohn reminded us in *Upstream*, were adopting the medieval *numerous clauses* to bar Jewish students while Klan propaganda hammered away at the necessity of keeping America Protestant and Anglo-Saxon.

The Great Depression and Hitlerism accentuated racial hatreds. Father Coughlin revived the tattered Protocols of the Elders of Zion to prove the existence of a Jewish world conspiracy. Christian Front hoodlums attacked Jewish citizens in New York. Pelley's Silver Shirts and the rural followers of the Reverend Gerald B. Winrod of Kansas spread the poisons of racial bigotry. Although Ford had disavowed his anti-semitic propaganda, the "researches" of his staff continued to be reprinted all over the world as "The International Jew."

Nevertheless, a genuine reaction against racialism began under the New Deal. Even the forgotten Indian shared in the benefits of a more enlightened ethnic policy by the government. The Collier Act, "the New Deal for the Indians," halted the painful process of tribal deterioration which had passed as assimilation and encouraged the Indians to revive their cultural traditions and to take pride in their historic arts and folklore. Negroes, as marginal workers who had suffered disproportionately from the Depression, became major beneficiaries of New Deal policies. The war compelled greater concessions to minority groups, including the creation of fair employment practices councils. Intercultural education spread over the nation to inculcate better race relations in the schools. Soviet propaganda regarding its nationality and racialist policies may have had an effect in lending urgency to the movement to placate minorities everywhere. Discontent in Asia and Africa, dislike of historic white imperialism, reminded the world that after all it was the Caucasian race which was in the minority among the popula-

tions of the world. Sociologists were teaching the values of cultural diversity.

Despite these encouraging advances, the menace of racialism remained. In 1943 alone, large-scale race riots shook the Mexican community in Los Angeles and the Negroes of Detroit. Worst of all were the repeated persecutions of Japanese-Americans culminating in the compulsory evacuation regardless of the fact that no serious disloyalty had been discovered among them and that Japanese-American citizens were being deprived of their civil rights. "A Jap's a Jap!" declared General John De Witt to Congress as he argued in effect that Japanese blood was immune to Americanization. In the South, Dixiecrats split the party over the race issue and disregarded President Truman's appeal for civil rights laws despite the argument that discrimination was seriously weakening American diplomacy within the United Nations. In 1951 Governor James Byrnes of South Carolina, formerly our Secretary of State and a member of the Supreme Court, even threatened to lead a movement of Southerners out of the public school system if federal pressure and liberal court decisions imperiled the historic system of segregation. Once more, as in 1861, the South balked at the world-wide liberal challenge to her racial system—for slavery was then supported by non-slaveholders as a necessary policing institution and as a bulwark of white supremacy. Fortunately the South of the mid-Twentieth century was not the monolithic entity of a century before; the freer movement of populations, the automobile, the radio, motion picture, and television had been breaking down sharp regional differences. Under the circumstances, there was some hope for a solution outside the formula of Jefferson Davis and James Byrnes. But the long history of racialism in this country reveals but too clearly how deeply imbedded this plague is and the difficulty of the task that lies before democratic Americans.

Henri Dunant and the Jews

By KURT R. GROSSMANN

ON DECEMBER 10th it will be fifty years that Henri Dunant received a telegram from the Nobel Peace Committee of the Norwegian Storting informing him that the first Nobel Peace Prize (together with the French pacifist, Frederic Passy) was awarded to him.

Henri Dunant has become known as the initiator of the International Red Cross and the first Geneva Convention. The whole concept of protection and neutralizing the sick and wounded, the prisoners of war derived from Dunant's personal experience on the battlefield of Solferino in 1859 and his ensuing book, *Un Souvenir de Solferino*, which started the movement with Dunant as its indisputable motor.

Few Jews however know that among the many features of this indomitable man there was his plan to give Palestine to the Jews—a plan published more than thirty years before Theodor Herzl wrote his book, *Der Judenstaat*.

Now that we look back to Dunant's service to humanity it appears timely to remind ourselves of his idea of a Jewish national home.

Dunant began his professional life at the age of 25. In 1855 he founded a society to grow grain and erect mills in the desert of Algeria and Morocco. At that time he traveled extensively in Africa, and his first written observations on the Jews we find in his book, *Notice sur la Régence de Tunis*, which appeared in 1858. In it Dunant devoted a whole chapter to the Jews. Though some of his biographers say that he expressed himself not too friendly about the Jews, an attentive reading of this chapter will not

bear out these allegations. It is true that Dunant, the rigid Calvinist, was astonished about the customs and superstition among the Jews in Tunis. But he also quotes about them the words of the Holy Scripture: "L'Eternel leur a donné un coeur tremblant," and it is quite obvious that he had pity with "that persecuted race."

In 1862 Henri Dunant was a guest at the general assembly of the Israelite Alliance. He sat there together on the dais with the French Cabinet Minister Cremieux, who had just proclaimed the liberation of the slaves in the French colonies and was honored at that meeting.

As his biographers state, Dunant pondered the plan how to help the Jews for quite some time. The first inkling of his ideas how to transform Palestine into a national home he communicated to Sir Moses Montefiore, one of the most influential Jews of his time who had been knighted by Queen Victoria. In 1865 Dunant founded the Society for the Revival of the Orient. What was his idea?

In the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris an eight page printed memorandum is filed—the only one of the first edition—entitled "Universal and International Society for the Revival of the Orient." Its pages contain a project for the renovation of the Orient, and its author is—Henri Dunant. He wrote this memorandum in 1866 and it was printed in one copy only, but later reprinted and recopied—yet there is no reprint available in the New York Public Library.

The reason why Dunant originally had printed only one copy was to spare himself possible embarrassment. In 1859 he

had written a too flattering book on the Emperor, Napoleon III, who asked him "to postpone its publication which might become the source of embarrassing developments." When Dunant decided to print his plan for a universal and international society for a revival of the Orient, in which he so clearly foresaw the evil brewing in aged and fanatic Europe, which would degenerate at last into an inconceivable race hatred, he was aware of the incident of 1859, the more so since he suggested Napoleon III, as protector of his envisaged Jewish national home.

In this memorandum Dunant asked the Turkish government to let the Jews come "from the mountains of Bohemia, from the Ghettos of Poland, from the plains of Moldavia . . . to that ancestral land," which "Would have the renaissance of a people in a unified state, who would have a nation and would live happily in the promised land." As in many of Dunant's writings we find in these pages a touching mixture of his apostolic spirit, his humanitarian approach, and at the same time a sense for business speculation. This printed memorandum made him "the legitimate forerunner of Theodor Herzl and Zionism," as one of his biographers puts it.

Henri Dunant suggested that special committees should defray the expenses of mass emigration of the Jews, and "the faults" with which he had charged the Jews in his Tunis book disappeared completely in these pages. Prophetically he visualized that Jerusalem would rise from its ashes in peace and happiness. The Christians would exult over their consumption and would make amends for the acts of injustice they had perpetrated against the Jews. Yes, Dunant thought that the Catholics would transfer the Pope's See to the City of Solomon and David. He dreamt of Jerusalem as center of all major faiths.

As his biographers relate, Dunant did not give a moment's thought to the possibility of opposition from Great Britain. He was apparently unaware of the polit-

ical implications of his plans to make Napoleon III the protector of the Jews. Dunant thought that the religious spirit of the British nation would readily become enthusiastic about his idea of restoring Palestine to the Jews—an idea which Great Britain would have opposed. Dunant perceived that all the Christian nations would be thrilled with delight at the mere thought of the Holy Land being no longer subject to the infidels. Obviously, he did not realize the complex intricacies of politics.

In 1867 Dunant became president of the International Palestine Company with its offices at 20 rue de la Paix in Paris. In this function he asked the Turkish government for a concession for 135 acres of land, stating the details, the places where the Jews could live in colonies. Two Jewish families from Wuerttemberg—14 souls in all—settled in Nazareth as the only practical success of Dunant's endeavors, and it is reported that they were happy and grateful to him.

However, with this request for the concession of 135 acres of land Dunant was not luckier than with similar requests for concessions of land for his projects in Morocco and Algeria during 1853 to 1859. The Turkish Sultan simply refused to grant the concession. This blunt rejection of Dunant's application meant for the latter to say farewell to the idea of a railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem, which he had planned, and to say good-bye to the plantations on the banks of Jordan and the villages around Lake Tiberia, which he visualized and which decades later became a reality.

When in 1867 Dunant, stubborn as he was, tried to discuss his Palestine idea with Empress Eugenie, the wife of Napoleon III, in the presence of the French Ambassador to Constantinople, M. Bourée, this conversation was not noted memorable by Dunant's biographers on account of Palestine, but because the Empress asked Henri Dunant to see to it that the

benefits of neutrality—a feature of the first Geneva Convention—should also be extended to wounded sailors. The Empress troubled by the political developments did not give a thought to the persistence of Henri Dunant's idea for a Jewish homeland but told him to stick to his Geneva Convention and the Red Cross.

Dunant—financially bankrupt—had to bury his idea of uniting the Orient and to

create the "Judenstaat," until some thirty years later Theodor Herzl started the Zionist movement and the Jews by their own efforts finally succeeded in bringing the state of Israel into being. Fifty years after Henri Dunant received the first Nobel Peace it seems timely to recall this episode to the Jews and remind them of the noble efforts of a great soul and a courageous human being: Henri Dunant.

THE OLD COMPANIONS

By ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE

They asked him often why he let it stand—
The barren apple tree that leaned in spring
Its empty arms across the old stone wall,
Too bent, too brittle for new blossoming.

How could he tell them that upon its bark
Was written down his history and his pride;
The rope-scar from the swing the boys had used,
The chain-mark where the plow-horse once was tied?

He was a tidy farmer, but at dusk
He used to walk across the orchard field
To touch the four initials he had carved
On the lowest branch, where time and sun had healed

The deep cut there, but not that which he felt
Still in his heart, and she long gone to rest.
Sometimes he thought he saw her smiling there,
A spray of apple-blossoms at her breast.

Now in the autumn of their lives, these two
Have signed a truce with time and with all pain,
Leaning against the storm as those who have
An understanding with the dark, the rain,

Whose roots are pressed too deep to die before
The blade strikes unresisted to the core.

Return to Aschaffenburg

By TOBY SHAFTER

ASCHAFFENBURG is a medium-sized German town located in a bend where the River Main widens, not far from Frankfurt. Six years ago I knew it well. When I came to live in Aschaffenburg in the immediate post-war period, the war with Japan was still in progress. The Armored Division which had taken the town was the occupying force. I have since heard Aschaffenburg described by those who knew it in happier days and never viewed its wreckage as "one of those lovely, medieval German towns." The Americans who were stationed there in the summer of 1945 thought it anything but lovely. Aschaffenburg had been a notorious Nazi stronghold and it had held out against repeated aerial bombings, an attack by an entire infantry division, and it had the distinction of having been "liberated" twice by the tanks of the Sixth Armored Division. When it was finally taken, the boys driving the tanks and the gunners said that women were shooting from the second story windows and children were running ammunition in the streets. The regiment moved on to conquer the town across the river. There was an uprising in Aschaffenburg and they had to return to force "peace" upon it a second time.

There was little enough to be discerned of the medieval character of Aschaffenburg. The city was virtually a mass of ruins. The streets were piled with rubble lying roof-high so that it was impossible to see what lay behind it. On a hot summer day, it was worth one's dinner to walk through the narrow winding paths that had been dug through the debris. The overwhelming stench was attributed to the fact that some bodies still had not

been recovered for proper burial. Shattered Schloss *Johannesburg*—a medieval castle fortress rising steeply from the banks of the River Main—dominated the chief approach to Aschaffenburg from the east from its vantage point overlooking the bridge and was the solitary reminder of by-gone grandeur.

Life went on amid the ruins but it was life geared to a snail's pace. Aschaffenburg's pre-war population of 45,000 had been reduced by two thirds. The great loss in numbers was partly accounted for by war casualties, the severe housing shortage, and the fact that a great many important Nazi personages were jailed in the so-called "Civilian Detention Camps." Practically nothing in the town was in working order. The water supply failed several times a day. There was so little electric current that when the street lights were turned on after dark, the house lights dimmed perceptibly. Most of the evening was a constant battle between the householders who turned on more and more lamps and the public utilities management who wanted lights in the street for security reasons. The bridges over the Main River were down and had been replaced by a temporary pontoon affair thrown across by the American army. There was no boat traffic worth mentioning on this section of the Main for the fallen bridges blocked the river in both directions, and the docks were unfit for commercial use. An antiquated train puffed into the half-bombed railroad station twice a day and together with the motor vehicles of the American military was Aschaffenburg's only official link with the outside world.

The few stores still standing had nothing

to sell. What little there was was usually kept behind the counter for barter purposes only. Money had almost no value. The storekeeper wanted a few eggs or a half pound of butter or something equally concrete in exchange for his meagre supply of goods. If ever there was anything for sale, it was swept off the shelves immediately. For example, the tobacco shop was open only on Tuesday mornings from 10 to 11 o'clock. Their stock was often exhausted in a few minutes, and the proprietors shut up shop again until the following week. Buying an envelope could easily become a time-consuming problem. There was not one restaurant in operation in the entire town. The only hotel in habitable condition named aptly enough *Gasthaus zum Wilde Mann* had been requisitioned by the army for transient military personnel. All the movie houses had been bombed out. The Athletic Club—the only public building of any size still intact—was in the process of being transformed into a Red Cross Club for American soldiers. Only one night club remained open. Since it was the only place where the young unattached people of the town could congregate and the American soldiers insisted on going there, too, in their search for German *frauleins* of a certain type, Cafe Central had a wild and hectic atmosphere. Its one large smoke-filled room crowded with round tables and chairs was always filled to capacity with cat-calling soldiers and young German girls while the few young German men who ventured in sat about uneasily. A bad jazz orchestra competed with the sometimes unbearable noise and occasionally a blonde girl—tall and slim and hard-looking—got up on the dais to sing but scarcely managed to make herself heard above the din.

The lack of recreation facilities was only a lesser evil in Aschaffenburg. There were no schools open for the children because of a lack of buildings, textbooks, and teachers, and little enough prospect of their opening before the school year

was over. The churches were functioning in a quiet sort of way. There were services on Sunday if one cared to attend, but not many people seemed over-enthusiastic about religion. The chief interests of most of the people at that time were material. Most personal services had been discontinued for the time being. With great difficulty it was possible to persuade the one cobbler to repair a pair of shoes, but usually he demanded leather and nails and wanted payment in cigarettes. Dry-cleaning and laundry services were also unknown. The barber shops and beauty parlors were still open. If a woman brought her own towel, shampoo, and hair pins to a beauty parlor, she could have her hair washed and waved after a fashion. The hair driers were most efficient, and if she had nail polish she could enjoy the luxury of a manicure while sitting under one.

The business section of town was a complete shambles and most of the residential houses had been damaged in one way or another. The only part of Aschaffenburg that had escaped destruction was "The Hill!" Lying on the West and separated from the city by a long avenue lined on both sides with stately cedars, *Godelsberg*—as "The Hill" was called in German—had clinging to its sides the most modern luxurious houses to be found in Aschaffenburg. They had been built by the wealthy business and professional men—among them some of the leading Nazi party members. Since many of the owners of these palatial homes were in jail at the time, nearly all the "good" houses on the Hill had been requisitioned for American and Allied personnel. The living standard of the Americans was incomparably higher than that of the German civilians because they depended upon the German economy neither for food nor sundry amenities. The Army imported enormous quantities of the best food from the United States and when these rations were turned over to civilian cooks, the finished product had

nothing in common with standard army chow. The PX provided not only candy bars and cigarettes—at 50 cents per carton—but also scoured the countryside for suitable “gifts” such as leather pocket-books, hand-embroidered handkerchiefs, music boxes, luggage, etc., which it sold at wholesale prices. Privately, an enterprising American could trade fifteen cartons of cigarettes for a Leica camera or a lesser amount for a radio if he had not succeeded in “Liberating” one during combat. Cars, girls, furniture—even *jagd-huts* (private hunting lodges in the hills)—were similarly to be had if one knew how to “organize” it. In the common American phrase of the time, many of them had never before “had it so good.”

In addition to the Germans, the Americans, and their hangerson, there was an alien population of some 6,000 displaced persons. They lived on the outskirts of town in five enormous *casernes* (former German military barracks) and in some of the unused school houses. They literally had nothing. Their food, clothing, and housing—such as it was—was supplied by an UNRRA team of some twelve or fourteen people of almost as many nationalities. The D.P.’s themselves were Polish, Estonian, Lithuanian, Latvian, and Ukrainian. Their presence added no little to the general unrest and tension in town, it was said. Actually, they were neither in the town nor of it. They lived a completely independent economic and social existence, but were generally unpopular both with Americans and with the Germans. It was convenient to blame them for all the ills in Aschaffenburg—the petty thievery, the “incidents,” the shortages, the shootings, and the difficulties of day to day living.

Unless one happened to be an American or within the province of American privileges, Aschaffenburg was not a very pleasant place to live. Aschaffenburg seemed to be dying. Its people were both surly and frightened. Soon the war ended. Within a few months the combat troops

left and only the military government, some service units, and UNRRA remained behind on the Hill. The occupation settled down to “occupy” in earnest.

Upon my return to Aschaffenburg in 1950, quite another picture greeted my eyes. All the debris and rubble had been removed from the streets. For the first time, it was possible to see the real character of the town. Except for one thoroughfare which has a wide straight road that runs along on both sides of a narrow grassy plot featuring a monument of Ludwig the First (of Bavaria) in its center, all the streets in the business section are narrow and winding and tortuously paved with cobblestones. When a modern bus passed through Rossmarkt on its way to the main highway out of town, the pedestrians walking on the narrow ledge that served as a sidewalk had to duck inside the doorways of the stores to prevent their being crushed against the walls. Most of the buildings are characteristically medieval. When the *Stiftskirche*—a Catholic church about one thousand years old—was dug out, it was found to be unharmed and is now being restored to its pristine freshness. The entire square perched on the summit of a hill about the *Stiftskirche* has an atmospheric flavor that stems directly from the middle ages—lent by the ancient water-boy fountain, the heavily planked “guest-house” with its quaint gables and tiny-paned windows of multi-colored glass, and the closely built houses and stores around it. In rebuilding the oldest part of the town, the planning committee specified that all the houses must have peaked red roofs and be no more than three stories high. Guttered Schloss Johannesburg is having its face lifted and all the weak spots are being propped up so that the weather will no longer add to its gradual crumbling. The park which runs along the Main River just below its grim battlements has been freshly cleared of debris, levelled, and planted with grass and green hedges. Eventually, Schloss Johannesburg

may be restored to its full majesty and become a museum as has Schloss Schonbusch with its magnificent park just across the river.

In the course of five years Aschaffenburg has progressed from near death to a city pulsing with life. The streets are crowded with people. There is talk of an economic depression and prevalent unemployment throughout western Germany, but business in Aschaffenburg appears to be booming. The shop windows are filled to overflowing not only with all the necessities of life but also every conceivable type of luxury goods. The butcher shops lavishly display huge slabs of steak, chops, and calves' heads in their windows. In the bakeries are to be found richly decorated cakes, tempting cheese rolls, and dainty *petit fours* as well as the justly famous good German pumpernickel and fine white breads. The jewelry stores have wrist watches, leather encased travel clocks, novelty compacts and custom jewelry in row upon row of shelves reaching from the ceiling to the floor. The gowns and suits in the specialty dress shops are stylish and well made. The numerous camera stores have new photographic equipment which seems plentiful and of excellent quality. There are radios and electrical appliances and beautiful tile bath tubs in show rooms all over town. A fancy tea shop has opened across the street from the still partly destroyed railroad station, and every afternoon the elite of the town gathers there for polite conversation and steaming coffee.

The *Gasthaus zum Wilde Mann* has been given back to the Germans and four additional hotels have been re-opened in Aschaffenburg. Business is so good that it is difficult to obtain a room without a reservation made well in advance. The *Turn Halle* has been reconverted from the American Red Cross Club to its original function—gymnasium and social hall of the local athletic club. There are innumerable restaurants, taverns and cafes, which invariably serve huge por-

tions of food—much more than the average human being can consume at one sitting. Cafe Central is still doing business at the old stand, but it has become sedate and extra-respectable. There are many other places which offer drinks, dancing, and entertainment. Three newly constructed movie houses offer serious competition. I was in Aschaffenburg during the month of *Karneval* preceding Lent and there appeared to be no lack in recreation. Every week end there was revelry at numerous masquerade balls and singing in the streets far into the night. Though these affairs were rather too crowded and boisterous for my taste, all the people there appeared to be having a good time.

Needless to say, the population in Aschaffenburg is far happier now than in 1945. Their spirits, pride, and not a little of their arrogance have all been revived by the good food and the ease of living. As an old acquaintance remarked to me, "Life is once more beginning to be beautiful in Aschaffenburg." Most former Aschaffenburgers (except those serious Nazi offenders sentenced to more than five years in jail) have returned to their homes and together with many newcomers from outlying hamlets have swelled the city's population to slightly more than the pre-war level. Aschaffenburg has been emptied of all its 6,000 D.P.'s. They have all either returned to their Baltic homelands, emigrated to other countries, or been transferred to camps in other sections of Germany. When I commented on this to my old acquaintance his curt rejoinder was, "*Viel besser. Much better.*" Personally, I missed their very beautiful folk festivals which we occasionally attended and the excellent concerts given by a Polish young man who was a talented pianist. Sometimes the artists among them would come to the park in the middle of town to paint the trees and the stream and what the Aschaffenburgers proudly called "our ruin." Since the whole city then lay in

ruins, I could not understand the reason for the great pride in this particular one until a German explained to me that this ruin was not American-made but represented the remains of an ancient monastery. Before the war the park had been very beautiful with weeping willows bending low over the waters, with swans floating lazily on the lake, and with flowers everywhere. Even now in 1950 the grass was unkempt and the rustic bridges sagged and the paths were strewn with dead brush. And no artist ever appeared to record its sad neglected beauty. As the D.P.'s were departing, Aschaffenburg received its quota of 1500 German "refugees"—*Volksdeutsche* expelled from other countries to Germany. For a time the refugees lived in camps, but gradually they became integrated into the economy of the town until only eleven remained wards of charity. The American Military Government contingent has long turned the affairs of the town back to the Germans. All except one Resident Officer who acts in an advisory capacity have left. "*Viel besser*. Much better," my old acquaintance commented tersely when I mentioned this turn of events to him. For a time, the Resident Officer was the only American in Aschaffenburg in an official capacity but recently the empty *casernes* which the D.P.'s used to occupy were remodelled into comfortable apartments and a large garrison of United States troops whose exact number is a military secret have been moved in from Frankfurt nearby. The officers and their families occupy some of the houses on the "Hill" but a fair number of Germans have managed to move back there, too. They represent the small core of professional people and the wealthy business class. Nearby a modern apartment house is in the process of being erected. When completed, it will rent units at fabulously expensive prices for Aschaffenburg.

The proletariat element of the town—the factory workers, the clerks, the cobblers, the longshoremen, the masons and

carpenters—are concentrated in the highlands on the south side, near the Main River. Here one still sees occasional houses and stores still in ruins and sometimes the smell is bad. The plumbing in some of the old solidly built stone houses is undoubtedly primitive and the neighborhood is dominated by the fish market and the docks. However, *Fischgasse* and its environs has its compensations. Close by a new modern bridge leads across the River Main to the ball field where weekly soccer games are played and to the outdoor municipal swimming pool.

Incorporated into the township of Aschaffenburg are the peasant villages of Schweinheim to the south and Damm on the north. With a population of 12,000 and 10,000 people respectively, the peasant element practically overwhelms the smaller number of townspeople in industry, the professions, and the service trades who make up the rest of Aschaffenburg proper. One can pick them out easily even on the streets which they seem to frequent in great droves, for the children especially seem much addicted to pushing and jostling. They speak a ruder dialect than the average Aschaffenburger, they dress more roughly, and look more earthy in appearance.

Before the war, Aschaffenburg had a Jewish population of six hundred. Today there are six. Of these, two remained hidden in the town throughout the war with the aid of their Gentile wives. Two are Jewish D.P.'s who intend to leave as soon as feasible—one for the United States and the other Israel bound. The remaining two are former members of the Jewish community of Aschaffenburg who were fortunate enough to escape in time to other lands. They have returned to reclaim their property. The Jewish problem appears to have liquidated itself in Aschaffenburg.

These various sorts of people all somehow manage to live together in some semblance of peace. The Germans seem to have two main topics of conversation

—currency reform and American soldiers. They are all inordinately proud of their new currency—the reformed *Deutsche Mark*. With a well-stabilized medium of exchange, the black market has practically disappeared. Prices are admittedly inflated, but people are able to buy some of the luxuries of life for the first time in ten years. Wealthy people are buying new cars. White collar workers are having colored tile bath tubs installed in their homes. I visited Liesl, our former maid, in the makeshift wooden barracks which she calls home. Bombed out of her apartment during the war, she moved to Frankfurt where she worked in a factory. After the war, she returned to Aschaffenburg and domestic service. She did not know the whereabouts of her husband. She believed him to be dead. Now, five years after the war, she was reunited with her missing husband. He was a foundry worker and she was still employed by the Americans at the "Snack Bar." Probably no one in Aschaffenburg lived more poorly than they in their tiny two rooms in the shabby shanty town that lay near the factory district. Yet they were apparently happy and satisfied. Liesl talked only of the personal things that had happened to her, but when her husband arrived home from the foundry—apologizing profusely for his dirty working clothes and smoke-blackened face—the conversation switched to matters political. He eagerly recounted the wonders of the currency reform, with the attendant shower of the good things of life that it had brought in its wake. He pointed with pride to the gleaming new radio that sat resplendently on the high kitchen shelf and turned it on loudly. "But wasn't the cost of living very high?" I inquired persistently above the blare of the music. "Did not most of the money that they earned go to pay rent and buy food and clothing?" Both Liesl and her husband readily admitted that this was true but, still, they added with pride, they were able to put by a mark or two

each week and gradually save up to buy the radio. They were not much interested in putting by something for the proverbial rainy day. Insurance payments were deducted from their wages.

The Elberts, an upper middle class family who used to be our neighbors, expressed similar views on a different social level. They were happy that they could buy a bottle of good Rhine wine again, though the price was fairly high. They had been able to hire workers to re-paper their living room walls which before currency reform would have been impossible without a heavy bribe of cigarettes. Herr Elbert had been a prisoner of the Russians in 1945 but he had obtained an almost immediate release by playing sick. Then he had been haggard and worn; today he looked rested, well-fed, and urbane. The Elberts, too, expressed a certain distaste for the Americans. Americans were living in their former apartment and using their furniture. They were paid rent for the furniture, but they would like to have it back. They criticized the Americans in that apartment house for lack of cleanliness. The halls and steps were always dirty, though they had numerous servants and a *hausmeister*, the Elberts said. They were glad the air lift to Berlin had ended. The route lay directly over Aschaffenburg and they had been kept awake for months on end by the roaring of planes overhead. Herr Elbert had a jaunty confidence in the future of Germany and the Germans.

This does not mean to imply that all the Germans in Aschaffenburg are uniformly happy. There are individual cases of un-employment and miserable psychological situations here as in any other city in any country of the world. On the whole, the over-all picture presents no symptoms for serious concern. In pre-war days the center of the men's clothing industry, Aschaffenburg has long since regained its ascendancy and added two factories for the manufacture of women's suits, too. Its thirteen clothing factories

absorb some six thousand workers. It has a small but thriving celluloid manufacturing industry. It also makes precision tools of excellent reputation and has various other industrial enterprises including a dye factory, a wax works, and three beer breweries. Aschaffenburg's financial transactions are handled by its seven banks. Its service trades are numerous and, if anything, in over-supply. One of my acquaintances who is the owner of a beauty parlor has completely remodelled his shop. There are now hot and cold running water, new modern booths completely equipped with every conceivable convenience, and a complete line of cosmetics. He has re-established the men's barbershop in one corner or sub-leased it to somebody else, I do not know which. His chief complaint is the business competition. Under the old rules of the Barbers' Guild, there were only ten *friseurs* in Aschaffenburg. The Americans instituted a system of free enterprise and now there are fifty such establishments. "Too many for a town of this size," Herr W—— sighed. There is little sighing done in the building trades, however. During the height of the construction season, there was practically nobody unemployed in the industry because of the extensive remodeling of the *casernes* for the American Army. The economy of Aschaffenburg is definitely not built upon shifting sands but rather upon some of the more enduring aspects of production. It is probably the realization of this that has given the German people of Aschaffenburg hope and courage once more—at least enough hope for confidence in the future and enough courage to be outspoken in their criticism of the American "occupiers." Such an attitude would have been unthinkable and unbelievable only a few years back. "Now the Germans really say what they think, not what they believe you want to hear," an American official of the town observed.

Politically, the Germans in Aschaffenburg have learned little of the lessons of

democracy with the possible exception of the right to complain long and vehemently of the conduct of their would-be teachers. One town meeting patterned on the American model was held with disastrous results. The city officials used the rostrum as a sounding board for airing their personal differences and the bewildered townspeople did not participate simply because they did not know what was expected of them. The old pattern of German bureaucracy still prevails and their political world is divided between leaders and followers.

Under the American Military Government, the *Oberbourgemeister* who was appointed from among the non-Nazi Germans was a Social Democrat. The assistant mayor was of the conservative Catholic party and the City Council represented the other factors in the government coalition. Since then the Social Democratic Chief mayor has fallen into great disfavor with both the Germans and the Americans. In the German elections the CSU (the Catholic Party) triumphed and elected to office the *Oberbourgemeister* and 32 councillors. Next in strength was the SPD (the social democratic party) with the *Bayern* (the nationalistic Bavarian party) and the FPD (the free democratic party) following. The KPD (the communist party) made the weakest showing of all in the voting. Their partisans are a handful of working class members—the remnants of pre-Hitler communists from before 1933.

Although the political power of the city government is in the hands of the CSU, the social democratic view is strongly voiced in Aschaffenburg's one newspaper—the *Main Echo*. A thin-paged local affair printed three times weekly, the *Main Echo* is the personal property of the town's former social-democratic *Oberbourgemeister*. When he was appointed to the position by the American Military Government officials, another American organization called DISC helped him set up the newspaper. Since he was at that

time the most trusted German in town it was quite natural that he should become the publisher. The other political parties—particularly the ascendant CSU—greatly deplore the inequity. Much as they would like to originate another newspaper as their party organ, however, it is far beyond their financial and material resources without American aid. And the Americans have gone out of the newspaper business for the time being! In this instance, they have little reason to be gratified with the present performance of their wayward brainchild, the *Main Echo*. The last few issues that I read carried a vituperative series of "Letters to the Editor" and "Answers from the Editor" denouncing the rough behavior of an American soldier to a German civilian—an ever-popular topic evidently being put to use as a vote-getting device. The manner in which the material was handled was decidedly inflammatory. The *Main Echo*—like many another American-innovated organ of democratic thought and speech—has proved to be a boomerang.

Catholicism has perhaps succeeded in many fields into which the Americans have attempted to penetrate and have failed. Certainly in Aschaffenburg, the power and the influence of the Church is no myth. The Catholic Party—though its name may not carry all the religious connotations that it implies—is still and all the leading political party. Eighty per cent of the population is Catholic. Only ten per cent are Protestants and the other ten per cent are undeclared. There are sixteen Roman Catholic churches. On Sundays, it is impossible to be unaware of the fervent religious renaissance. The church bells begin ringing lustily for the early morning masses and continue at intervals throughout the entire forenoon until the last worshipper has been called to services. At the conclusion of a church service, literally thousands of people pour out into the narrow streets at once. It is impossible to walk if one happens to be going in the opposite direction. In addi-

tion to the tremendous church attendance on Sunday, there is a complete weekly program for almost every hour of the day. There are continuous meetings of men's groups, mothers' clubs, and young people's organizations. One of the owners of a movie house in Aschaffenburg once remarked jokingly that the churches offer him his most severe business competition. The two Lutheran churches function more quietly, one gathers, for I was twice seriously informed that there were no Protestant churches in Aschaffenburg. They are both in the process of being rebuilt and suffer from the handicap of having no buildings.

The church has extended its influence into the educational system to an amazingly large extent. Of Aschaffenburg's eight grade schools, five are Catholic and one is Lutheran. There are six high schools, only one of which is Catholic, which offer academic subjects and university preparation. Six vocational schools teach such subjects as domestic science, carpentry, office work and serve as an apprentice's school for locksmiths, barbers, etc. The schools—like everything else in Aschaffenburg—are filled to capacity. The bumper kindergarten classes has overflowed the regular buildings and are schooled in temporary huts erected in one of the parks. Modern school buses bring students of high school age from Schweinheim and Damm to their classes in the city. At noon and after school, the streets are crowded with roughly dressed jostling adolescents swinging their school books and pushing each other and passing pedestrians from the narrow sidewalks into the cobbled roads. Manners have not improved among the peasant youth at least since the disbanding of the Hitler Youth movement some four years ago. In notoriously Nazi Aschaffenburg, the Hitler Youth achieved the distinction of holding regular meetings almost a full year after their city had been "liberated." One of their chief activities during that year of illegal existence seemed to be

shaving the heads of German girls who fraternized with American G.I.'s.

Today twenty-five per cent of youth in Aschaffenburg are organized and affiliated through their local clubs or sport centers with the American-sponsored *Jugendring*. (Hitler's organization was compulsory and the full one hundred per cent of Aschaffenburg's youth belonged to it.) There is a small *Amerika Haus* which is primarily a reading room stocked with a miscellany of books in English and discarded American periodicals contributed by the American families. A handful of Aschaffenburg's youth patronize *Amerika Haus*. The Americans have also provided a sort of club room for the *Jugendring* whenever the occasion demands it. While I was in Aschaffenburg, there was a *Karneval* party there to which the children came in masquerade costumes. It appeared to be a highly successful affair, but the crux of the matter is that the Americans are able to reach through such means only a very minor percentage of the young people. What are the remaining seventy-five per cent of the ex-Hitler youth movement doing and thinking? It was the considered opinion of one highly intelligent conservative German in Aschaffenburg that if the threat of neo-Nazism comes from any direction, it will be the result of small disorganized youth groups beginning to meet and suddenly coalescing into an aggressive national movement.

On all levels, there has been a marked change in the attitude of the Germans toward Americans and vice versa. Immediately after the war, most Germans were so relieved not to be in the Russian Zone that they almost welcomed the Americans. Having an American friend might also bring with it such material advantages as cigarettes, chocolate bars, and powdered eggs, which were virtually unobtainable otherwise and had high barter value, besides. Now a German can buy whatever he wants and prefers to

carry on his social life with his fellow countrymen. It is no longer considered quite respectable for a German girl casually to date American soldiers. The nicer girls from the better families say they would socialize seriously with an American man if the object was matrimony. The parents are not so sure. Now that the average German girl is not so "easy," the American soldiers, too, are not as completely enamoured of them as they used to be. Aschaffenburg is a comparatively small town and can offer few of the diversions and none of the variety of the larger cities. Frankfurt am Main is not far off, but going there for a week-end is an expensive proposition. A carton of cigarettes is no longer enough for magic *entree* into the wonderland of luxury and ease. Folding money is now valuable and the Germans want to be paid in it.

Politically, the question of the Russians is now ambivalent. The Germans in Aschaffenburg—with the possible exception of the very few Communists—still want no part of them. However, the greatly bruited American fear of the Russians has made the Germans feel that the occupation needs them as a bulwark against the East. Any feelings of gratitude and relief have long since disappeared. The Germans believe that the Americans need them at least as much as they need the Americans—perhaps more so, for most Germans are anxious to be up and coming as a nation once more. In the event of conflict (any minor conflagration in any part of the world is the "new war" to the Germans) one has the feeling that they will play the game of watchful waiting until they see what advantage they can gain from it.

Neither Aschaffenburg am Main nor its people are the same as they were five years ago. Today, too, Aschaffenburg may be scarcely recognizable as "that lovely medieval town" of twenty or twenty-five years ago but it is well on its way to recovery and a highly questionable future.

The Jewish Element in American Drama

By CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

OFFHAND it is not possible to single out a characteristically Jewish element in the work of American dramatists who happen to be of Jewish extraction, but if a quality is intangible, defying chemical analysis, it does not mean that it does not exist. The make-up of a man is an infinitely complex thing, the resultant of ages of heredity, evolution, and environmental conditioning. In the case of the Jew this has been rendered even more complex by the fact that he has no homeland where he can root himself, secure in the knowledge that he "belongs" and is accepted by everyone in the community. Theoretically, that is the democratic premise he acts on, namely, the assumption that he is a man among other men, to be treated with equality and justice, but every time a world crisis breaks out he is invariably made the scapegoat, hounded out of the land, if not, as in Nazi Germany, thrown into concentration camps, tortured, and fiendishly exterminated.

It is, therefore, not surprising that Jews have been exceptionally reflective, deeply versed in psychological lore, absorbed in profound metaphysical studies, impelled by the urgent need to discover why these plagues of murderous hatred spring up and what cure, if any, can be devised. The creative Jew, be he dramatist or poet, cries out against the vicious irrationality of a Christian civilization which in practice denies the tenets of a religion it professes to worship: rewards the aggressor, condones the ethics of power-politics, sanctions, by a tacit conspiracy of silence, the spread of anti-Semitic persecution, callously indifferent to the ideals of jus-

tice and brotherhood the New Testament proclaims. Compelled to protest against such outrageous contradictions, the Jewish writer does so either by sharpening the sword of Satire to a fine edge and lustily swinging left and right or by intensifying the urgency of his spiritual message, his prophetic exhortation. Only in rare cases is he detached, coolly objective, disillusioned, without much hope for the regeneration of mankind. Even so, as with Schnitzler, he is sustained by a gentle compassion for the fate of men, their desires destined to remain unfulfilled, caught in the grip of passions they cannot control.

Granted, then, that there is no specifically Jewish essence, racial or religious or cultural, to be discovered in American poetry, drama, fiction, or literary criticism. If one did not know beforehand that these writers were Jews there would be no way, through a close examination of their work, of identifying them as such. Differences prevail even among Jews: differences in temperament, outlook, talent, political allegiance, imagination, sensibility, and what not. To characterize Jews as Communists is about as intelligent and empirically warranted a procedure as branding them filthy capitalists, the secret rulers of Hollywood or Wall Street.

Though these individual differences undoubtedly exist, yet the postulation of an insight, a *Weltanschauung*, that is more or less common to Jews throughout the world is not without some degree of justification—at least as an hypothesis. The symptoms, disparate though they may seem at first glance, form a significant pattern, a telltale syndrome. The creative

malaise from which Jewish writers suffer, whether they are aware of it or not, springs from their alienation, their rejection by the society and the culture of which they strive to become an integral part. To atone for "the sin" of this assimilative desire and to convince Gentile humanity that they are loyal and valuable citizens, they re-enact the role of sacrificial scapegoats. They must implement the vision and carry on the work of the Hebraic prophets of old: war against poverty and injustice, denounce evil in high places, defend the humble and the weak, join in the fight against the oppressor. In extreme cases, of course, they are capable of sounding the ethical and eschatological motif of Marxism. Marx is the Messiah, and the blare of trumpets will be heard on the Judgment Day of the Revolution, when there will be no more kings and potentates, but all will be joined together in proletarian solidarity. But whatever the political complexion of these Jewish dramatists—and they range all the way from the extreme right to the extreme left—there is usually present the note of social compassion, a sympathetic understanding of poor, frightened, frustrated, death-haunted and death-doomed humanity, a persistent exaltation of love and brotherhood as a sovereign remedy against the pernicious evils of the world such as war, religious persecution, intolerance, anti-Semitism. Since, whatever good fortune befalls them, they are members of a precariously situated and frequently victimized minority, these wandering Jews of the drama betray an amazingly intuitive comprehension of the plight of the lonely, the scorned, the insulted and injured, the "possessed," the martyred.

Jewish genius has made notable contributions in the field of fiction and poetry, but in the American drama the names, however famous, are few. But these few have often been leaders in experimental movements, in form and technique and content. There is the penetrating social

satire of George S. Kaufmann, who is more than a masterly craftsman. There is the insurgent pioneering and left-wing stridency of John Howard Lawson and Albert Maltz. There is the brooding insight into the lives of poor middle-class Jews by one of the strikingly talented of modern Jewish dramatists, Clifford Odets, whose work furnishes a Marxist analysis of the anomalies of capitalist society. Then there is the violent expressionistic probing of the depths in such plays as *The Adding Machine*, by Elmer Rice, as well as his naturalistic plays and his thunderous dramatic manifestoes against Fascism and economic injustice.

Here is sufficient variety to cast doubt on our initial thesis. But it is variety within a singularly familiar, recognizable framework of ideas. The Jewish dramatist in Hungary, Germany, England, the United States, and other countries, is the pioneer of the future, the advance scout of humanity in its march toward a better world, the voice of its enduring idealism and its highest aspirations. Even Schnitzler's profoundly pessimistic reading of life, his comprehension as a medical man of the extent to which we are moved by biological urges and how unpredictably the malice of death upsets our plans and frustrates our ideals, even a Schnitzler voices a transcending love, reaffirming the need on the part of people to achieve a more intimate communion of spirit before the end supervenes. Occasionally we behold a Jewish writer who is disenchanted, thoroughly devoid of utopian illusions, determined to take the world as he finds it and men as they are and not as they ought to be, bent on making his way in life as best he can. And by virtue of his energy, persistence, and fundamental talent he often succeeds in his aim, yet in spite of himself, though conforming to the changing requirements of the theater, he speaks out in bitter accents against the materialism that corrupts the soul and changes a man, with all his hopes and dreams, into a grasping opportunist, with-

out faith in life or in himself. George S. Kaufmann's *The Beggar on Horseback* utilizes the dream-technique to describe the temptations that beset an artist to marry wealth and how, foreseeing the sordid consequences of such a betrayal, he finally bids Satan get behind him.

The Jewish dramatist who has been a persistent and passionate source of social protest, is the versatile and prolific Elmer Rice. Born in New York as Elmer Reizenstein, he abandoned the law for the profession of authorship. Since his first play, *On Trial*, he has been extraordinarily fruitful and enterprising, writing and producing his own plays, collaborating with other writers, and composing scenarios for the motion pictures. During the depression he was regional director of the Federal Theater Project. His bibliography is extensive, but the quality of his restless talent is best suggested by two of his plays, *The Adding Machine* and *Street Scene*.

The Adding Machine is a remarkably effective expressionistic drama, a bold, blistering satire on our industrial civilization, with its megalopolitan centers which spawn creatures who are no longer men but units of work-energy, robots in an anonymous and regimented army of production, without character or individuality. They have lost the capacity for suffering, the power to strive nobly or feel deeply. And that is precisely the tragedy of our time: that such creatures are totally incapable of experiencing any tragic emotion. Rice is raising his voice in violent denunciation of what our machine civilization has done to man. He has all along been a consistent champion of human freedom, but the point he makes in this play is that freedom can only be won when economic slavery is done away with, when mankind is liberated from the shackles of ignorance and superstition, when the irrationality of the herd-mind is overcome. Expressionism is thus harnessed to a social purpose. Rice brings into poignant ironic relief the way in

which our lives are cheapened and deadened by the very machines that were supposed to lighten the burden of labor and give men the leisure in which to realize their highest potentialities.

In a series of rapidly moving kaleidoscopic scenes, Rice in *Street Scene* paints the picture of life in a New York tenement house. *Street Scene* is a fine example of raw and sensational naturalism, but it is not at all ugly and depressing. There is the redemptive hope of a better life, the dream of someday escaping from this trap of crushing poverty. Mr. Abraham Kaplan, the old man who sits by the window reading a radical Jewish newspaper, serves as the chorus of the play, pointing out to all who will hear the fundamental causes of the economic misery of the masses, why they are thus ground down in the mire, imposing a dogmatic Marxist interpretation on everything that happens in the world. But the tenants denounce him as a godless Bolshevik, a foreigner, a Jew. That is how Rice paints a composite, documented portrait of the kind of life these people lead. But the final note is not one of despair or weary resignation. Rice is elaborating the theme that environmental circumstances need not cripple and crush people; they must strive to change the world, to rise above the handicaps of their environment. In a number of other plays, Rice has continued his impassioned indictment of the evils of modern life: *Counsellor-at-Law*, *We, the People*, *Judgment*, *Flight to the West*, *Meet the People*, *American Landscape*.

Though he differs sharply from Elmer Rice in his political outlook, Maxwell Anderson, too, has a message and a mission, and in *The Essence of Tragedy* he tells us what these are. The essence of tragedy he finds in the spiritual awakening and consequent regeneration of the hero. That is what audiences insistently demand: a moral reformation, a moral progress, and only at his peril does the conscientious playwright neglect the aspirations and expectations of his audience.

This is what people must learn and experience in the theater: that suffering purifies and ennobles, "that, animal though we are, despicable though we are in many ways, there is in us all some divine, incalculable fire that urges us to be better than we are." There is this perennial search for a higher morality than that which trammels our earth-bound, instinct-ridden flesh. In short, the drama basically communicates a religious affirmation, restating man's age-old belief in his own destiny. All artists worth their salt have striven toward the ideal, toward the betterment of the race, the heart of their message being that man can rise above himself and become that which he aspires to become. Though the march of progress is slow and halting, yet even in the worst period of disillusionment, such as our own, there are some men who can voice a central and redemptive principle of belief, for without faith the race cannot go on. It is therefore incumbent on the dramatist to be a poet, and "incumbent on the poet to be prophet, dreamer and interpreter of the racial dream."

Maxwell Anderson has over the years written many distinguished plays, both in prose and verse, but the work which perhaps best represents his insight, his method, and his faith is *Winterset*. Anderson, the social prophet, outraged by the flagrant violations of the laws of justice, had already protested, in *Gods of the Lightning*, against the verdict delivered in the Sacco and Vanzetti case. In *Winterset*, what we get, in a language that soars to heights of metaphysical eloquence, is a brooding condemnation of the grinding wheels of earthly justice. Esdras, a man of learning and deep wisdom, acknowledges that the world is compounded of evil, villainy, horrible miscarriages of justice. At the end he adds the choral commentary, bidding both Mio and his daughter to forgive the ancient evil of the earth. In the face of crushing tragedy he cries out:

this is the glory of earth-born men and women,

not to cringe, never to yield, but standing, take defeat implacable and defiant, die unsubmitting.

Though we cannot know whether the human adventure has any meaning, whether the darkness finally covers all, yet the heart can and does reach out toward something dim and unapprehended in the distance, an ideal greater than the self, a light that cancels the obliterating darkness. That is Anderson's triumphant affirmation of faith in the upward reaching spirit of man.

With Clifford Odets, however, metaphysical idealism is strictly subordinated to a militant Marxist interpretation of life. The economic motif looms large. Fundamentally, men are the victims of capitalist society. *Waiting for Lefty*, a short play, Odets' first success, is an amazingly effective experiment in dramatic technique. *Waiting for Lefty* is aggressively propagandistic in tone and content, culminating in a strident climax: the decision to strike, with the audience enlisted on the side of the strikers. In 1935, writing on "Some Problems of the Modern Dramatist," Odets declared that by the time he came to write his first full-length play, *Awake and Sing*, he understood clearly that his interest lay "not in the presentation of an individual's problem, but in those of a whole class. In other words, the task was to find a theatrical form with which to express the mass as hero."

Now *Awake and Sing*, though it is surprisingly good theater, is not a great nor even memorable play, and this is not because its doctrinal implications are frankly Marxist. The intrusion of a hope, however ennobling, the proclamation of a cause, however just, are blemishes, not virtues, when they are not organically fused with the structure and movement of a drama. In *Awake and Sing*, the Marxist evangel attacked on is extrinsic to the dynamic logic of the play. The "conversion" at the end is not convincingly motivated. We are told that youth will remake the world, that love tran-

scends hate, but this is a fervent wish-fulfilment rather than an imaginatively gripping denouement.

In *Paradise Lost* the problem is far more complicated. Here the hero is the middle class. At the end of the play, which portrays the progressive disillusionment of the Jewish members of the middle class, Leo Gordon sees the light at last, realizing finally that no man fights alone, that each one is an integral part of society. He beholds, too, the potential greatness of man, the hope and promise of a humanity redeemed from degradation and economic serfdom. "Heart-break and terror is not the heritage of mankind! The world is beautiful. No fruit tree wears a lock and key. Men will sing at their work, men will love."

Golden Boy is a tense, swift-moving play about a prize-fighter. Harold Clurman, who directed it, sees it as a parable, the symbolic presentation of a war in which all men are engaged, a fight for the recognition of our value as individuals in a harshly competitive and acquisitive society. It is significant that in *The Country Girl*, Odets' latest Broadway hit, the note of social protest has been dropped. The playwright is no longer concerned with exposing the irrationalities and damning evils of our social order. The Marxist universe of discourse has been supplanted by the psychological method, and the result, for once, is a play with a happy ending.

Unquestionably the most talented and moving playwright on the American scene at present is Arthur Miller. *All My Sons*, a study in integrity, preaches a message that is neither new nor original, yet it is developed with a dramatic firmness of structure and a rightness of tone which makes it highly effective on the stage. Arthur Miller gives spirit and substance to the ancient truth that we are brothers in one another, and that we must be responsible for our deeds. He who struggles, whether in war or peace, for self-aggrandisement or for the economic ad-

vancement of his children, is a traitor to humanity, and the wages of such sin is death. *All My Sons*, American in plot and setting, describes the Nemesis that catches up with Joe Keller, a manufacturer of parts, some of which he knew were defective, for airplane engines during the Second World War. The irony of the tragedy lies in the fact that Joe Keller is actually a decent, humane, lovable man. His defense is a practical one: "If my money's dirty there ain't a clean nickel in the United States. Who worked for nothin' in that war? When they work for nothin', I'll work for nothin'. . . . Nothing's clean. It's dollars and cents, nickels and dimes; war and peace, it's nickels and dimes, what's clean? The whole goddam country is gotta go if I go." But his son, who expected more of his father, is not convinced, and Keller kills himself.

The *Death of a Salesman* is a profoundly moving portrayal of the conflict and defeat of a dreamer, one of the millions in American society, stirred by ambition to achieve a fabulous success, but never attaining his goal or even coming within hailing distance of it, never admitting to himself, not even in his final moment of suicide, that he had lived a lie. For these spurious dreams of getting on in the world were the values that made up his faith, his religion, his life. Whatever posterity may have to say about *The Death of a Salesman*, it communicates to a contemporary audience a poignancy, a tragic pathos, which are not to be found in Greek tragedy, however exalted. The modern hero, the salesman who has based his life on a spurious and shoddy ideal, the fake folklore of capitalism, is the sorry victim of an illusion. When it turns out that he was woefully mistaken, when his grandiose ambitions for his sons turn to dust and ashes in his mouth, he has not the courage to face the shattering truth. Even his suicide is an evasion of responsibility, a tawdry and degrading finale. What Miller is saying with prophetic power, but without sacrificing the dra-

matic objectivity of his indictment, is that such men, and there are millions of them in America, are lost in the air-conditioned nightmare of modern capitalism. By denying their God, they have denied themselves.

What are we to make of all this? We have already indicated that the Jew in the drama, like the Jew in fiction, cannot be reduced to one category or type. Generalizations of that sort are notoriously dangerous. The Jewish dramatist can be witty, ironic, subtle, sophisticated, imitative, noble, earthy, spiritual, regional, national, international, superficial, inspired and profound. One can no doubt run through the whole gamut of possible dramatic expression, and bring forth some Jewish writer as illustrating a particular tendency. Yet generalization of some kind is desirable, if not inevitable. Without such provisional generalizations, which are then tested by the evidence adduced, we would have to talk about each Jewish dramatist as a unique and incommensurable entity. If we talk about Jewish dramatists at all, we are already making a distinction, framing a generalization. If there is any single quality that marks out the creative Jew, it is that of prophecy and social compassion. Jews, it is true, are various, yet beneath these individual differences their *Weltanschauung* has a strikingly similar physiognomy and emotional consistency. When the Jewish dramatist writes to please himself only, writes for his soul's salvation and not for lucre, he is a voice of earnest and impassioned protest against the poisonous evils of our world, the unchecked progress of unrighteousness, the grinding of the faces of the poor, the oppression of the weak and the defenceless. The voices of Isaiah and Ezekiah are heard again in the far reaches of the Diaspora. And by thus waging relentless war against the evils that chain us down, the Jewish dramatist is striving, forthrightly or by implication, to communicate his vision of a better world, of a humanity

based on the vital ideal of love and brotherhood.

But the stage does not lend itself to direct preachment or propaganda. The Jewish dramatist, as scrupulous artist, must objectify and universalize his indictment, present it in imaginatively realized human terms, carry the audience along with him so that they may be able to identify themselves with the fate of these characters who act out their destiny. The conscientious Jewish dramatist makes full and effective use of all the devices, traditional and experimental, of the drama, without ever attenuating his prophetic strain. The characteristic bitterness of the Jewish dramatist in America, his fierce denunciation of the follies and vices of mankind, is unmistakably transfigured by compassion and the ultimate hope of redemption, for even in the darkest hour he never loses his faith in man, in the splendid potentialities that lie in him still unused, his endless struggles and striving, despite all setbacks, to become what he ought to be and ideally can become. The Jewish dramatist, the eternal seeker, is therefore the dedicated spokesman of suffering humanity. If he is never content it is because the Jerusalem of perfection has never been established, because reality in the twentieth century is still no nearer the heart's desire, and because by virtue of his precarious position as an alien he must speak out for the inarticulate and disinherited dwellers on the earth.

.... Because I am a Jew, I have spoken the truth as I have seen it, to Jews and of them, to Christians and of them, to Americans and of them, to synagogue and church and of them, to the powerful and privileged and of them, to the lowly and disinherited and of them.

STEPHEN S. WISE
in *Challenging Years*

Robert M. La Follette: Prophet of the New Deal

By CHARLES A. MADISON

ROBERT MARION LA FOLLETTE, born in 1855 of poor pioneering stock and bred in an atmosphere of Grangerism, did not enter politics as a reformer. In seeking the office of county district attorney a year after his graduation from the University of Wisconsin in 1879, he was primarily interested in the salary of \$800 a year. As a young lawyer without clients that sum greatly attracted him—especially since he was eager to marry his classmate Belle Case and wanted the assurance of a steady income. Too innocent to know that one cannot aspire to political office without prior approval of the party boss, he proceeded to carry on his campaign contrary to the boss's wishes—and surprised everyone by winning the election.

He served the county so well that two years later he was re-elected by an increased majority. In 1884, still acting independently, he ran for Congress and disconcerted the party machine by beating the approved candidate. Devoted to the interest of his constituents, keeping in constant touch with the influential members of the community, preserving his integrity without antagonizing Senator Philletus Sawyer, the state boss, he was twice re-elected without benefit of machine approval. In 1890, however, a Democratic landslide interrupted his political career.

Shortly after his return to Madison in 1891, La Follette underwent a traumatic experience. For many years Wisconsin state treasurers had been banking public money to their own considerable benefit. The new Democratic administration, anx-

ious to discredit their Republican rivals, sued the state treasurers of the previous twenty years for the interest that rightly belonged to the state. Since Senator Sawyer had been bondsman for some of the accused and was in danger of losing as much as \$300,000, he approached La Follette privately in an effort to have him influence his brother-in-law Judge Robert G. Siebecker, who was to preside at the trial. La Follette was deeply shocked. Indignant and greatly perturbed, he considered it his duty to inform Judge Siebecker of the interview. The latter at once excused himself from the case, thus bringing the attempted bribery into the open. La Follette was at once attacked by Sawyer's political allies and accused of besmirching the good name of the Senator.

Although the Republican machine treated La Follette as a political pariah, not a few independent citizens admired his integrity and sought him out as their legal counsel. Yet the acid of this ostracism destroyed his former complacency. He knew he had done right and resented the unwarranted punishment. Brooding over the matter, he began to perceive the evil of machine politics. "Out of this awful ordeal," he wrote later, "came understanding; and out of understanding came resolution. I determined that the power of this corrupt influence, which was undermining and destroying every semblance of representative government in Wisconsin, should be broken."

From that day to the end of his life La Follette was a man dedicated to a cause. Endowed with exceptional orator-

ical ability and armed with a sense of right and hard facts, he took every opportunity to bring his message to the people of Wisconsin. Ignoring the scorn and snubs of party politicians, he began to challenge the Republican machine at the polls. Defeat did not daunt him. His course was clear and his determination fixed. He believed time was on his side, and he worked hard to speed victory. Convinced that the caucus and the convention were always subject to manipulation by unscrupulous politicians, he began to advocate the idea of the direct primary, then little known in the United States. When asked to address the students at the University of Chicago on February 22, 1897, he prepared a speech on the evils of party bosses and on the direct primary as the remedy. "This is the modern political machine," he declared. "It is impersonal, irresponsible, extra-legal. The courts offer no redress for rights it violates, the wrongs it inflicts. It is without conscience and without remorse. It has come to be enthroned in American politics. . . . Go back to the principle of democracy; go back to the people." This speech he delivered over and over—at county fairs, before various organizations, and on the Chautauqua circuit.

By 1900 La Follette's determined and unrelenting effort to defeat the machine was proving successful. With Senator Sawyer dead and the scramble for control disaffecting the leadership, La Follette managed to dominate the Republican convention and to gain the nomination for governor. Election followed by a large majority.

The next five years saw an unceasing and uncompromising fight for state control between the forces of reform led energetically by Governor La Follette and the machine politicians abetted by public utility lobbyists. La Follette gave no quarter to the system that "not only favors, but, logically and inevitably, produces manipulation, scheming, trickery,

fraud, and corruption." But the politicians fought for their lives. At first his reform bills were scorned and defeated by a machine-controlled legislature. La Follette campaigned all the harder for his reforms and demonstrated by unanswerable data that the laws he asked for would greatly benefit the people without inflicting hardship upon business. When his progressive program remained incomplete at the end of his second term, he decided to break with tradition and seek reelection. His conservative opponents were outraged and bolted the convention when they failed to control it. By this time, however, the citizens of Wisconsin had become indoctrinated with his liberal principles and not only returned him to office but elected a progressive legislature.

Now in complete control of the political machinery of the state, La Follette proceeded to enact his reform program. In the previous legislative session he had managed to force through an equalization railroad tax, a direct primary law, and an inheritance tax. This he followed up with a strong railroad regulation law, an effective anti-lobby measure, a corrupt practices act, a state civil service law, a forest conservation act, workman's compensation and various social service provisions, and insurance regulation. He also prepared the ground for additional similar legislation.

"The Wisconsin Idea"—government by experts for the benefit of all the people—was his legacy to the state. It was his initiative that greatly enlarged the scope and facilities of the University of Wisconsin and established close cooperation between scholarly experts and state officials. Long after he left for Washington to serve in the Senate his loyal followers continued to govern the state and to make it a progressive political laboratory, with expert commissions attending to its tax, railroad, banking, conservation, insurance, public service, and industrial problems.

Meantime La Follette had been elected to the United States Senate early in 1905.

For nearly a year thereafter, however, he retained his gubernatorial office in order to make sure that the reforms he was sponsoring were passed and in practice. When he went to Washington he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had made Wisconsin the most progressive and best-governed state in the Union.

La Follette's reputation as a reformer had preceded him in the Capitol and the conservative Senate leaders were resolved to treat him as a pariah. "When I entered the cloakroom," he wrote, "men turned their backs on me and conversation ceased. Members left their seats when I began to speak. My amendments to bills were treated with derision." Defiant and determined, he stood up against them; at first alone, but soon with a small but vocal faction that gradually gained the ear of the nation.

Opposition tended only to confirm his progressive principles. He was the first Senator to contend that the federal government could and should regulate railroad rates. Nor was he willing like President Theodore Roosevelt, whose liberalism was more verbal than veritable, to compromise on fundamental principle. To him half a loaf was worse than none when such a principle was at stake. "A halfway measure," he insisted, "never fairly tests the principle and may utterly discredit it." This attitude caused him to resist every bill that favored corporations at the expense of the public.

By 1910 the insurgency against monopoly control became a rising tide. Political housecleaning was popular everywhere. In the fall elections the Democrats won the House and progressives in both parties became a powerful coalition in the new Congress. La Follette, re-elected to the Senate despite the fierce opposition of the conservatives, was generally recognized as the leader of the liberal forces in and out of Congress.

President Taft's disappointing conservatism had alienated the Republican lib-

erals. In January 1911, believing they could elect a progressive to the Presidency in the election ahead, a number of nationally prominent progressives met in La Follette's home and organized the National Progressive Republican League. Among the reforms advocated by this group were the direct election of Senators, the direct primary, the election of delegates to national party conventions, the initiative, referendum, and recall, and a corrupt practices act. Similar leagues were soon formed in a number of Midwestern states.

When Theodore Roosevelt, coyly perched on his political fence, declined to join the League, La Follette became the obvious choice as its presidential candidate. The latter was willing enough, but he insisted that he would accept only on condition that he was not to be used as a stalking horse for Roosevelt—whom he never trusted and whose recent behavior he considered equivocal and enigmatic. Gifford Pinchot and other liberals, all close friends of Roosevelt, assured La Follette that the Colonel was not a candidate. "From many talks with him," Pinchot said, "I am as certain as I live that he will be found actively and openly supporting your candidacy before the campaign ends." Thereupon La Follette announced himself a candidate.

Late in 1911 and early the next year La Follette campaigned vigorously and successfully. Yet the stronger his candidacy appeared the more inclined were certain liberal leaders to insure success at the polls by giving it the fillip of Roosevelt's name. Certain realistic representatives of big business, such as George C. Perkins and Frank Munsey, fearing that President Taft had no chance of re-election, likewise made known their preference for Roosevelt over La Follette. The Colonel, following closely these political developments, persuaded himself that he had a good chance of election and signified his readiness to heed the call of the people.

La Follette, physically exhausted by his campaigning and bitter at the betrayal of some of his friends, felt himself tricked and abused. It pained him to see men who had urged him to run and who had contributed generously to his campaign abandoning him for a popular opportunist. Unwilling to yield to expediency, he determined to fight for his principles and to remain in the campaign even though it would jeopardize his rival's chances of nomination. "Upon Theodore Roosevelt and his followers," he stated, "rests the responsibility of having divided the progressives in their first national contest. Stimulated by an overwhelming desire to win, they denounced loyalty to conviction and principles as stubborn selfishness." This position he maintained throughout the campaign. He refused to cooperate with the Roosevelt delegates at the Republican convention and thus made it easier for the conservative leaders to force through Taft's renomination. Nor would he join the Progressive party or help campaign for Roosevelt's election. Instead he praised Woodrow Wilson as the only real progressive candidate and led his state into the Wilson column.

La Follette strongly supported Wilson's New Freedom program of legislation and was the only Republican Senator to vote for the Underwood-Simmons tariff bill. He was grateful in 1915 when President Wilson signed the Seamen's Act, a measure which he had long sponsored. Ever a convinced pacifist, he enthusiastically supported Wilson's peace efforts toward Mexico and his position of strict neutrality in the European conflict. Later, when the agitation for war against Germany grew stronger and put Wilson on the defensive, La Follette opposed the "preparedness fever" in public speeches and introduced a bill that would require a public referendum on war before Congress acted on that grave question.

In the 1916 campaign he took a neutral position between President Wilson and Charles E. Hughes and concentrated on

his own re-election on the issues of peace and social welfare. His victory by a large majority persuaded him that the people favored his pacifist position. He therefore fought our declaration of war against Germany to the last moment.

With defeat came condemnation and ostracism. As before, however, he continued to perform his duties as Senator with the utmost conscientiousness. He concentrated his efforts on the honest and democratic execution of our war activities. Of the sixty administrative measures voted on during the first eight months of war, he favored no less than fifty-five. He did oppose the draft, espionage and other restrictive acts, and fought hard but in vain to amend the War Revenue Act in a manner to meet war costs out of current war profits and large incomes.

Alarmed by the hysterical intolerance manifested during the war—of which he himself was a conspicuous victim—and fearful for the fate of our democratic ideals, he obtained the floor of the Senate on October 6, 1917, and made his famous forthright defense of free speech in wartime: "I maintain that Congress has the right and the duty to declare the objects of the war and the people have the right and the obligation to discuss it. . . . If the American people are to carry on this great war, if public opinion is to be enlightened and intelligent, there must be free discussion."

La Follette did not trust Wilson and the Allied leaders to follow the genuine principles of peace: abolition of "enforced military service" and a referendum of qualified voters before war is declared. An examination of the Peace Treaty brought back by Wilson from Versailles convinced him that no real peace was achieved and that the League of Nations was in effect an alliance of the victorious powers for the exploitation of their imperialistic designs. Little as he relished finding himself alongside the conservative Senators—who opposed the Treaty not so much because they loved peace

and democracy as because they hated Wilson and wanted to win the 1920 election—he had no choice but to vote against the League.

After the Armistice La Follette resumed his forthright advocacy of political and social reform. He successfully filibustered against the sale of valuable coal and phosphate lands to private interests, and thereby saved the government about a billion dollars. He fought especially hard against the return of the railroads to private management. Intimately familiar with railway finance and administration not only in the United States but the world over, he insisted that only government ownership would give the nation adequate service at reasonable cost. At that time, however, his voice was a cry in the wilderness. He was indeed a people's watchdog growling at proposed iniquities but ignored by the dominant leaders who were taking full advantage of the postwar disillusionment to establish the spirit of "normalcy" of the 1920's.

In the fall of 1922 La Follette campaigned for his fourth term in the Senate. Four years earlier he had been denounced throughout the state of Wisconsin as a pro-German traitor; now many of his constituents, having evaluated realistically the causes and consequences of the war, felt new faith in the principles which he had championed right along. When the votes were counted in November, his majority was the largest in his entire career.

The warmth of resurgent popularity began to melt the glower that had darkened La Follette's mien during the war period. Once more he welcomed the idea of seeking the Presidency as the only way of achieving his progressive program. When the Conference for Progressive Political Action, organized early in 1922, met in December of that year, the leaders agreed that Senator La Follette was their inevitable standard bearer in the oncoming presidential election. They established the groundwork for a new party, but

refrained from taking a formal step until after the Republican convention—on the outside chance that it might turn to La Follette. When they met again in February 1924, they were joined by delegates from liberal and socialist organizations. All demanded political candidates "pledged to the interests of the producing classes and to the principles of genuine democracy in agriculture, industry and government."

Meantime La Follette, fearing the ill effect of communist support on many of his present adherents and aware of the communist domination of the Farmer-Labor party, bluntly repudiated any affiliation with this group. "To pretend," he declared, "that the communists can work with the progressives who believe in democracy is deliberately to deceive the public. . . . I most emphatically protest against their being admitted into the council of any body of progressive voters."

When the Republicans ignored La Follette and scorned his reform platform, the liberals had no choice but to provide him with a new party. They opened their convention in Cleveland on July 4 and immediately moved to offer him the nomination. In his letter of acceptance, read to the delegates by his son Robert, he reiterated the principles and beliefs which had guided his political activity for the past thirty years—essentially Populist doctrine adapted to 1924 conditions. The platform, expressing this political credo and acclaimed by the delegates, demanded government ownership and control of public utilities, the conservation of natural resources, tariff reductions, improved banking and financial facilities, adjustment in income and inheritance taxation, a federal initiative and referendum, more democracy and efficiency in government. In addition it urged the curbing of the Supreme Court, the abolition of labor injunctions, the outlawry of war, and reduction in armaments.

For all its intrinsic merit, the platform did not arouse the expected enthusiasm;

nor did La Follette meet with the anticipated response. General prosperity and a favorable crop militated against political change. The prevailing spirit of "normalcy" readily cushioned the shock of graft and corruption in government. Moreover, the progressives were neither well organized nor able, like the Roosevelt party in 1912, to attract wealthy contributors. Their expenditures of \$221,997—much of it collected at public meetings—compared pitifully with the Republican outlay of \$4,270,469 exclusive of large amounts never reported or spent locally. When the ballots were counted in November, La Follette received nearly five million votes. Only Wisconsin appeared in his electoral column, although in ten other states he ran ahead of the Democratic candidate John W. Davis.

La Follette was disappointed but not discouraged. "The progressives," he asserted, "will close ranks for the next battle. We are enlisted for life in the struggle to bring government back to the people. We will not quit and we will not compromise." These were brave words, and he meant exactly what he said, but they did not reflect the views of his erstwhile followers. Once the campaign was over, they began to backslide into their former political positions. Their united front quickly fell apart, and for years the liberal cause lay in the doldrums. For La Follette, for some time in poor health, died at the age of seventy on June 18, 1925, leaving no successor to inspire the progressives with his vision and zeal.

La Follette was the outstanding progressive of his generation. A product of Midwestern Populism, driven by circumstances and his own dynamic ambition into political insurgency, he devoted his histrionic talents and his great energy to the advancement of democratic government. Nurtured on Jeffersonian idealism and therefore unable to acquiesce in the political exigencies of an expansive industrialism, he fought a fierce but losing

fight against the monopolistic tendencies of corporate enterprise. Yet so determined was his opposition and so keen was his devotion to democracy and public welfare, that his persistence in the face of defeat served to retard the aggression of big business and to prepare the way for the success of the New Deal in the 1930's. Indeed, most of the basic New Deal legislation was first articulated in his gubernatorial messages in Wisconsin.

He was ambitious. His extraordinary energy impelled him to leadership, to exercise and to enjoy the power drives within him. He was egotistical. His strong sense of righteousness made him impatient of opposition, domineering, and tolerant of obsequiousness in his followers. Yet he was no boss in the usual sense of the term, but a crusader bent on having his way. His great ambition was to turn his state into a model of good government—that and not the personal prerequisites of political power.

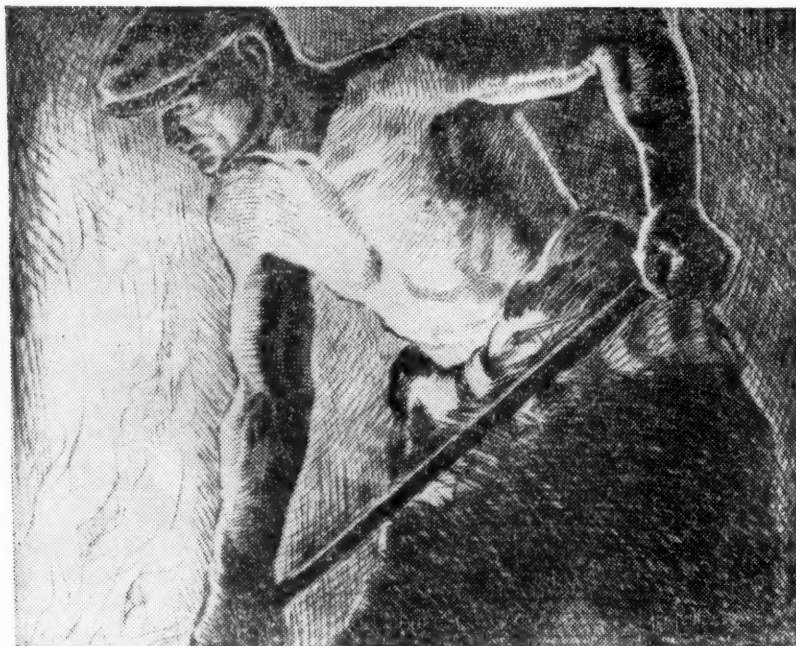
As United States Senator, he was forced to play a negative role. Treated as an outcast by the conservative leaders of his party and unable to vanquish them as he had those of his own state, he could only act the part of political goad and public guard. If he was not permitted to initiate many progressive laws, he succeeded in forcing Congress to enact a number of reform measures by virtue of his persistent agitation. Thus of the thirteen planks that he submitted to the Republican convention in 1908, eleven were eventually enacted into law; and of the eighteen reforms he proposed in 1912, no less than fifteen were subsequently adopted.

As a pacifist and isolationist during World War I he drew upon himself the hysterical abuse of patriots insisting upon a conformity that would justify their acts of aggression. Manifesting the parochial limitations of many Midwesterners, he nevertheless served the democratic ideal more valiantly than those who supported the war to make the world safe for de-

mocracy. Nor was it long before a sizeable part of the nation acclaimed him as a farsighted statesman.

Eager as La Follette was to become President, he never had the slightest chance of success. He was too far ahead of his generation politically and too uncompromising temperamentally to gain the confidence of a majority of the people. And he was too shrewd a politician not to know this. His persistence as a candidate came therefore not from blind ambition but from a desire to advocate his progressive views as often and on as broad a scale as possible. To him each contest was merely a battle in a war that was bound to end in favor of the people.

Defeat in effect furthered his long-range goal, inasmuch as it widely publicized his proposed reforms and eventually forced his opponents to adopt many of them as their own. For he knew from long experience that much of what his enemies at first condemned as radical and subversive they later accepted as moderate and beneficial. Justice Robert H. Jackson, speaking of La Follette in 1940, remarked: "In his policy there was enlightenment, in his hope there was a glow that caught and held young men. I did not mind then and do not mind now that he was called a 'radical.' That name, always hurled at those who would right wrongs, has become a certificate of character."



The Stoker

N. P. STEINBERG

Goyem

By DAVID ROBERTS

WE DIDN'T KNOW what time it was or what day or what year, and most of us didn't care. I don't think anyone cared. Almost everyone had been there a long time. I know that a year had gone by because I'd seen the seasons change, and they were on the second trip around when this happened. I saw them change when they took us out in the yard, in the mud and the snow and the dust and the rain and the sun.

This night I could see the white stabbing looks from the big spots turning and moving slowly back and forth in and out of the window. They slid across the cell floor and crept into the wetness there pulling little lights from the blackness underneath. They came through the window and went away and came back again and I was watching them. I could hear the grunts and the swearing from down below and then the laughing and I knew that some more must have come in to make them laugh like that. I knew it was night and they usually came at night, and then the laughing would start and then the inspection and the fun and all the rest that went with it. I could tell what they were saying once in a while but then I forgot to listen and I wondered how long it had been and how long it would be and where the end of it was. I didn't like it when they brought the new ones even though they didn't bother me anymore. They had stopped it with me but I still could hear them yell, the other ones, and I didn't like it at all.

I knew it was coming and that we'd have to get out and watch it, if there were new ones. Pretty soon they'd be up, the biggest ones with the truncheons and

the smiles and they might hit anybody but I didn't care. They'd go after what they knew was there and they'd send me back in a while.

The light kept coming in the window and I went up and looked out and I wondered if I'd done this same thing at the same time of some other night. I'd done it almost every night and maybe some night it had been the exact same time as this. I could see the lights now, all of them, and they were sweeping their half circles back and forth just as they had done ever since I had been there. I could feel the water cold under my feet and I shivered but outside it looked like it must be summer. Beyond the towers there were clumps of dark things, hills and trees they were, I had seen them in the daytime when the sun was out shining long and far away on their greenness and glancing off the gravel and the flat crust of the yard. I knew those clumps were trees and I knew they were green but still I was cold because the water was cold and a lot of it had come in during the day. It all came from pipes, where they were rotten and corroded and Wolitzky's were even worse. It was deep in his cell and the rest of it came into mine. I could hear him breathing beyond the wall with that low moan he used, low and lost and bewildered and afraid. He knew that they didn't want him, that they didn't hate him, but he was afraid anyway and he moaned like that until he went to sleep, a frightened sob in the night every time he breathed out and then the sharp gasp when his breath came in again. I didn't feel sorry for him because he knew that they wouldn't do

anything serious to him. He was Polish and he was all right, at least he said he was and they believed him. They must have had records but they never did much to him so he couldn't have been one of them, even though one night he started talking about the Ghetto and Warsaw and then he caught himself and looked at me and even after I told him it was all right he didn't say anything for a week.

He was moaning like that now, getting ready to go to sleep and I told him to shut up. I yelled through the wall, whispered actually, high and tense and lost in the long deadness of the wall but he heard me because it stopped. I waited and listened but he had stopped and the moaning was gone.

I was going to tell him something and maybe talk awhile as long as they were all downstairs but then I heard the laughter louder and I knew that they had opened the door and were coming up, at least somebody was. Someone fell against the stair and then there was more laughter and then all the lights were on and they wanted us.

There was just one of them and he was big and loose in his uniform and he smiled when he opened the doors and let us out. I was thinking how pitiful the rest looked under the harsh yellow light and then I thought that I must look like that and while I was thinking he pushed me and I went over to the others and we stood there waiting, none of us saying anything. I could hear Wolitzky start that labored breathing again and I turned around and looked at him, just looked, and he stopped.

The first of the new ones to come through the door was old and tired and where there was hair on his head it was rumpled and torn. He'd been beaten already because there was blood on his hands and around his collar but his face looked all right, just blotched and white and afraid. The rest came in and they were young most of them, and I could see there was a lot of the ones they looked for.

They lined us up against the wall and I could feel myself sweating underneath the dirt. I was cold but the sweat was coming out around my hairline, I could feel its warmth against my face and I knew I was beginning to get afraid again. There was no reason for them to start clubbing me but they might. Wolitzky had his head down but I couldn't hear him breathe. There were at least twenty of us against the wall and they made the new ones line up in front of us and they started in.

The guards came from our right, pausing and watching and then moving on, pulling some out of the line already, moving them across the room. There were four of them out of the line and they huddled there together sad and lost as if they knew what to expect. Some more of the laughing ones came up and then an officer and he told the rest of them to hurry. He stepped back and watched the big ones go down the line asking questions and looking at the new ones and then he came over and stopped with the rest in front of the old man and they looked at him and didn't say anything at first, just looked at him. His head went down on his chest and the officer had his hair in one hand and was holding the face up into the light, hard and bright and reflecting in the scared eyes. One of the men took hold of the nose and felt of it and then they told him to move over to the other side of the room with the others and he went. He didn't say anything or do anything but he kept looking at the floor and the officer yelled at him in German and he looked up again and stared at the light on the ceiling.

They came down the line some more and then I knew that all they wanted was to take the Jews and I felt better. I didn't watch them for awhile and then I looked at the hands in front of me, trembling slowly and twisting in each other while the rest of the body was still and straight and I saw the red marks on the knuckles and I remembered the look on his face,

the one in front of me, and I knew he would have to move to the other side of the room.

The officer kept standing out in front now watching his men work their way through the line picking out the ones they wanted and he looked tired and sick to death of it and I felt better again. They wouldn't bother Wolitzky and they wouldn't go after me. I didn't think they'd bother any of the old ones that night. They weren't laughing like they did when they used us, the old ones. I tried to think of the trees outside and the lights when they came into my cell and moved across the water and I wanted them to get by me and get it over. I was scared and I knew there was nothing to be afraid of. They hadn't started until late and they would take the Jews and leave and then I could go back to the cell and think about something else. I kept thinking about the trees and the solid green on them and looking at the hands in front of me and then they were moving more and I thought he was going to fall down. But the body was still straight and it was only the hands and the one next to him glanced quickly, not even seeing what was next to him, just turning his head and seeing the guards near now, not more than four men away, coming closer, and seeing the profile in the light, the shadow under the face and feeling the movement from the hands, sensing it while he turned back again, casually, knowing the officer hadn't seen him, not caring if he did and then the one who had turned was moving more and both pairs of hands were trembling against the mud crusted seats of their trousers.

The four hands fumbled and moved there in the shadows behind them and in front of me and then two brushed and clenched and exchanged something and I thought that they must know each other and the thing was coming again, the thing I had seen before, the sudden starting of emotion before death, the clasp of realization, of a flouted death.

But it wasn't that. The hands were apart now and the guards were close and then I saw the chain drop and sway in between the ragged pants legs, glittering in the light through the legs and the fingers slowly painfully pulling the chain back up into the palm of the right hand. I was still watching the place where it had disappeared when they were in front of him, watching at first, staring into the unseeing glass of the eyes and starting to say something, the officer coming over, walking hurriedly now, tired and sick, telling them to hurry. They turned and talked to him and then he pushed them aside and looked at the man and turning to the next one dismissed the first with one abrupt grunted word and began on the next, impatient and hasty and careless now, not wanting the spirit of it, wanting it over and done with.

The guards reached for the one with the trembling hands and the hands were out from behind the back swiftly and surely now with the chain once again dangling and swaying in the brittle light, holding the cross before their eyes, dancing bits of tiny light into their faces and they were stopping and watching it and thinking and then the officer was back looking at the cross and the cupped hands and the face still stolid and glistening and staring. The officer came close and waited and then asked him a question and then yelled into the face and the man answered him and the officer laughed and hit him in the face, the head snapping back toward me and one foot moving to the side and back again, catching the blow and holding it there in the release of balance. The officer watched him and asked him again and the same words came and then the group was gone, passing the one on the left and moving again, gone now, going toward the end of the shocked line pulling another one out and then another.

I watched the hands creep behind the worn jacket again and lower themselves in back of the muddy pants and fold around the cross and become still and

then it was all over and one of the men across the room was crying. They started out and down the stairs and I knew the officer would go to bed and the guards would laugh and the screams would start.

The officer waited and watched the rest of us and then he gave an order, swift and final and complete and the irregular line in front of us closed and moved and was gone, and I knew that they wouldn't be bothered until morning.

They put the rest of us back in and when the doors were all closed and locked and the water was there on the floor again

I watched the last guard move toward the stairs and turn and glance back at the wet floor and up at the hot light and then he was gone too and the light was gone.

I stood there for awhile and then I went to the window and began to wait until I could see the dark shapes again and when Wolitzky started the moan I told him to shut up, quick and loud this time, and he did. After a while I could see them and I thought about them out there and me inside and what had happened, all of it.



Sacrifice of Isaac

BEN ZION

Judaism and the Japanese Mission

By CARL ALPERT

THE JAPANESE EMPEROR of Jewish descent! A plan to convert the whole nation of Japanese to Judaism! A chance but historic meeting between Menachem Ussishkin and a Japanese traveller! The Jewish mission and the Japanese mission!

These may sound like far-fetched statements, but they are part of an astounding and hitherto unknown story of Japanese-Jewish relationship which has now for the first time been thoroughly explored.

Japan is popularly considered to have little or no connection with Jewish history beyond the possible existence of some strange or exotic cult, either convert to Judaism or of mysterious origin, whose manners and customs might bear remote resemblance to Jewish ritual. Indeed, there is hardly a country in the world which does not have its share of such associations.

Some of the American soldiers who have visited the Land of the Rising Sun in recent years, however, and some of the Jewish chaplains in particular, have written home or brought back stories of Japanese who were Zionists, Japanese who raised funds for Israel, Japanese who were starting a great national movement in behalf of Judaism. It was difficult to disentangle fact from fiction, wishful thinking from rumor, in such reports, and even more difficult to obtain precise and specific information.

A few months ago a New York businessman and fellow Staten Islander, Mr. Herman Gross, went to Japan for his third or fourth extended business trip, and I asked him to devote all the time and

effort possible to learning the truth and the details about the so-called Japanese Zionists.

He has recently returned, and his detailed notes prove to be of extreme value and interest. The story unfolded is a remarkable one, never before fully told to American Jewry.

* * * *

At the outset it may be in place to delineate the general background of Jews in Japan or of Japanese interests in the Jewish people. A number of contemporary Japanese scholars, chief among them Mitsuro Mimura, Dr. Yoshiro Saeki, Takataro Kimura, Zenichiro Dyabe, and Shogun Sakai have undertaken reasearch and have written extensively to identify certain elements within the Japanese nation as descendants of the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel.

According to their theories Japanese history records the arrival in Nippon in the 216th year of the Christian Era of a group of 100,000 or more persons from the mainland of Asia. This large alien body, known as the Hata tribe, had a profound influence on Japanese life, introducing many industrial innovations, including the art of weaving as well as advanced cultural values.

Though long holding to their religious faith, the Hata folk eventually began to assimilate and aspired for a while to build their "New Jerusalem" in Japan. "Nor is it an exaggeration to say," Mr. Mimura writes in one study, "that in the course of many centuries the Hata people have succeeded in holding all of the key positions in our society by virtue of their

wealth and their matured wisdom. This feat of theirs of far-reaching effect was brought to consummation during fifteen centuries with the result that the upper-class Japanese are predominantly Jewish in their mental and physical compositions. For instance, the Imperial family is believed to share the Jewish blood to considerable extent. . . ."

In this connection it may be of interest to note that the Imperial family marks one year of mourning for a death whereas the average Japanese citizen observes a mourning period for only a month. Thus the Royal family is now observing what amounts to a period of *Yahrzeit* for the Dowager Empress Sadako who died within the year.

Among the interesting evidences further adduced are the similarity of certain Japanese and Hebrew words, the prevalence of the word "Isarai," believed to be a corruption of Israel, on certain ancient Japanese wells, the use of the six pointed star as a charm sewn into the clothing of new-born babes to protect them against evil spirits, the parallelisms of certain Hebrew and Japanese historic episodes, including the career of Prince Hata Kawa Katsu who, like Moses, was drawn from the water and was raised in a palace. There is much more along similar lines.

Other scholarly sources frequently cited to substantiate the theory are "Epitome of the Ancient History of Japan," by N. McLeod, published in Tokyo about fifty years ago, and "Origin of Japan and the Japanese," by Dr. Jenichiro Oyabe, a graduate of the Yale Divinity School. Many of these works enjoy wide currency in Japan. In January, 1938, the Hebrew weekly, *Hadoar*, published an article in Hebrew by a correspondent who had been to Tokyo and had visited Dr. Oyabe.

In the modern recorded period Jewish businessmen and traders came to Japan when that land began to do business with the occident. The publisher of the *Yokohama Japan Express*, an English language paper, was one Schoyer, believed to be

an American Jew. The opening of trading outposts by the Sassoons brought English Jews to the country. Even earlier, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch Jews reached Japan—and some of them settled there.

The number of Jews in the country never rose significantly, however, and when Japan came under Nazi influence in the middle 1930's the number began to decline.

For some reason Tokyo never had any organized Jewish life. The first modern community was established in Nagasaki, when a minyan was organized in 1889. The Russo-Japanese war put an end to the community, and the last Jewish families abandoning the port city left their *Sefer Torah* with the Jews of Kobe as they passed through. In the latter city Jewish interest continued high, but with little religious motivation. The first Zionist group was established in Kobe in 1928, under the name of the "Palestine Restoration Association." It had an initial membership of 120 Jews. F. M. Jonas, a Japanese-born Jew of English extraction was elected president; L. Jedeikin, a Russian, vice-President; E. Antaki, an Egyptian Jew, Treasurer; L. Mandelbaum, an American, who had once represented Hias in Yokohama, Secretary. The club lasted but a few years.

The Jewish community in Yokohama was badly hit by the earthquake of 1923, and few Jews returned to that city.

Following Hitler's rise to power there was a steady procession of Jews to the Orient and thousands of transients passed through Japan, most of them bound for western hemisphere havens. A small number remained, joining the communities in the cities previously mentioned.

During all this period and until Nazism penetrated the land, there was a constant tradition of Japanese friendship for the Jews. Graetz's *History of the Jews* had been translated into Japanese by Captain Fukamachi. Tokyo University had a course in Hebraic culture taught by Professor Kotsuy, who also warmly sup-

ported Zionism. Professor Shibata of the same faculty frequently expressed his high regard for the Jewish people.

In several of the pro-Jewish works published in Japan one finds reference to the fact that American Jewish bankers provided funds which in large part enabled Japan to defeat Russia in the war at the turn of the century. One report, by Bishop Juji Nakada, credits Jacob Schiff. Still another report expresses thanks to Kuhn Loeb & Co. The good Bishop, just referred to, wrote a book in 1941 entitled "Japan in the Bible," in which he adduces further evidence of the relationship between the Ten Lost Tribes and the Japanese.

In passing it might be noted that about forty years ago there was discussion in Japan regarding the possibility of establishing a synthetic modern national religion. Missionaries from several Christian denominations sought to gain support for their faiths, and it is reported that the Jewish religious philosopher, Hillel Zeitlin, of Warsaw, planned to study the Japanese tongue and then proceed to Japan to convert the people to Judaism.

The present day body of native Japanese interested in Israel and the Jews, known as the Japan-Israel Cultural Association, apparently owes its inception to a visit paid to Palestine in 1927 by Senko Yasui, later an army colonel. He met Menachem Ussishkin, Colonel Kisch and others, and was impressed with the idealism of the Zionist movement. Yasui's interest continued, and in 1935 he organized a group of Japanese citizens into a body to promote friendship between his countrymen and the Jewish people. Nazi influences were already evident in Manchuria however, where Yasui lived, and so the new group camouflaged its purposes behind the title, "The World People's Cultural Association." The Jews were the "World People."

The association seemed to have ready appeal, and quickly expanded. It sought to assist a number of Jewish refugees

from Europe who were already finding their way eastward, and many penniless Jews arriving in Shanghai were aided by the new club.

In token of their gratitude, the Jewish community of Harbin in 1941 inscribed Mr. Yasui's name in the Golden Book of the Jewish National Fund, and special ceremonies were held on November 1 of that year at which time the certificate was presented to him.

This brave liberal and intellectual was caught up in the tides of war and taken captive by the Russians. He has never been heard from since, though his several books on the Jewish people are still highly regarded in Japan, and the association which he founded lives on after him.

With the birth of Israel in 1948 the group changed its name to the Japan Israel Cultural Association and carried on its program of activities under the leadership of Koichi Kobayashi, who had been associated with Yasui at the founding. A message of congratulations was sent to Prime Minister Ben Gurion.

The Japan Israel Cultural Association claims a membership of about 3000. It has headquarters on the sixth floor of the Saiwai Building, Tokyo, major branches in Yokohama and Kobe, and members in other parts of the country. The association's cable address is JapIsrael, Tokyo, and it has four telephone numbers registered for its national office. Mr. Gross was quick to point out, however, that service was equally impossible on all four.

Meetings are held approximately every two weeks, and consist for the most part of a cultural program devoted to information on Israel, Judaism, or Jewish history. The Jewish chaplains assigned to the American troops have been of assistance, though one or two of the native Japanese are well informed in these areas.

The members, both men and women, are drawn from the middle and upper classes—business and professional men, most of them members of the Shinto faith.

The association receives its funds from membership dues and from contributions obtained from some of the prosperous businessmen who have become interested in the program.

It has sporadically sought to establish contact with American Jews. Last year a member of the Japanese upper house who visited the United States with a delegation of fellow legislators carried a letter of introduction to Henry Monsky, but the latter had long since passed away.

What are the objectives of the Japan Israel Cultural Association, and what are the primary motivations of its members? The answers to these questions, or at least clues to the answers, may be found in the group's printed literature—much of it in English—and in the lengthy personal probing interviews which Mr. Gross had with many of the leading members.

One point should be made clear. The association is not seeking to convert Jews to Shintoism—nor do the members have the faintest idea of adopting Judaism. Proselytism in any form plays no part at all in the motivation.

The prospectus of the association offers a forthright statement, followed by a listing of proposed activities. Interesting portions of the stated goal follow:

History shows that the most distinguished and talented race, which has made remarkable contributions to human progress and world civilization, has suffered persecutions for many centuries. It shows that racial prejudice is deep-rooted and constitutes a great menace to international peace. Peace cannot be secured unless all nations discard their narrow-mindedness and are united in a spirit of brotherhood and equality beyond national boundaries. The establishment of international peace, the exchange of cultures and economic cooperation must be encouraged. . . .

Before the war, the military cliques under the Nazi influence misled the Japanese people and gave erroneous and distorted ideas regarding the Jewish people. We deem it our duty to correct those mistaken notions in order to do justice to the Jewish people. This is necessary today when Japan's rehabilitation requires cooperation with our friendly nations, and especially with the Jewish people who are playing their important roles in the economic and cultural progress of the world. The purpose of the

Association is to establish world peace by cooperation, goodwill and interchange of cultures between the Japanese and Jewish peoples.

To this end the Association plans the establishment of a library, the conduct of cultural seminars, contact with Jewish organizations, encouragement of Jewish tours to Japan, social relief work and similar activities.

The stated goals are lofty indeed, and there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of purpose. Nevertheless, it is disconcerting to hear the members elaborate in their talks on the supposed influence of the Jews. The friendship of the Jews is being cultivated, they say, not only because they have been persecuted, but also because the Jews control finance, industry, and in the long run international affairs. Apparently this is a direct result of the Nazi propaganda which was so long rampant in Japan, and which in these circles was unconsciously given credence. Yet the members of the association are unaware of the sources of these beliefs.

The members of the Japan Israel Cultural Association are also not averse to utilizing any possible contacts made through the association for business purposes. If it be true that Jews are important factors in international trade, why can they not be induced to do business with Japan—and more specifically with members of the association? Thus the group's program calls also for "assistance to foreign investors in Japan and foreign trade." Though this project is inconspicuously added at the very bottom of the list, it appears to rank higher in the personal views of some members.

Perhaps we should not be critical even of such motives, if they exist. After all, we live in a society in which the insurance agent, the struggling young physician, the lawyer, all belong to clubs and societies for the purpose of making "contacts" and meeting potential clients. If this be a respectable part of our social fabric, why should we question it in the Japanese pattern?

Beyond the expressed purposes however, there can be discerned a broader motivation which stems in large part from the state of mind in Japan today. The subject is one which should be discussed more thoroughly than is possible here, but Mr. Gross' observations have been substantiated by other critical observers, and seem to be borne out by events in Japan.

The apparent docility of the Japanese under American occupation, in contrast with the situation in Germany, must be ascribed to a national guilt complex which has been assumed by the entire nation. The Japanese offer no explanations or apologies for Pearl Harbor and what followed. They refer to the pre-war "ruling military clique" but at the same time they accept a share of the guilt. How sharply this contrasts with the attitude of the Germans!

One result of this mood is the yearning for a better world, and all sorts of pacifist, cultural, and religious societies today flourish in Japan. The utter collapse of the great dream of nationalist expansion has left thinking people with an intellectual vacuum, and the Israel Association provides some with an outlet for their feelings. Others are obsessed with the idea that Japan's national sins and Japan's sufferings, including the effects of the atomic bomb, qualify the country peculiarly for its new world mission: to propagandize for peace and to stand as living witnesses of the horrors of war. In this sense they find a parallel between the Japanese mission and the Jewish mission, with the Jews also acting as emissaries to mankind in behalf of a better world order. Thus the yearning for identification with the Jewish people. This sort of motivation obviously has deep religious roots, and has driven other Japanese into a body called "The Federation of International Religious Fellowship Societies," which arose out of "a profound religious introspection and confession" and out of national "self-reproach."

The spiritual compulsion in the Japanese spirit today is a conspicuous feature and in it may lie the answer not only to strange developments like the Israel Association, but to much of the mystery of present day Japan as well. It may be impossible for westerners to fathom the inscrutable oriental mind, and the Japan Israel Cultural Association may defy all attempts to understand it. There will be general agreement, however, that the association constitutes an absorbing and mysterious area for further sociological study against the background of Jewish history in Japan.

"In the world today, we are confronted with the danger that the rising demand of people everywhere for freedom and a better life may be corrupted and betrayed by the false promises of communism. In its ruthless struggle for power, communism seizes upon our imperfections, and takes advantage of the delays and setbacks which the democratic nations experience in their effort to secure a better life for their citizens. This challenge to us is more than a military challenge. It is a profession of the democratic faith; it is a challenge to the efficiency and stability of our economic system; it is a challenge to our willingness to work with other peoples for world peace and world prosperity.

"For my part, I welcome the challenge. I believe that our country, at this crucial point in world history, will meet that challenge successfully. I believe that, in co-operation with the other free nations of the world we shall extend the full benefits of the democratic way of life to millions who do not now enjoy them, and preserve mankind from dictatorship and tyranny."

*From PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S
State of the Union Message
to Congress January 9, 1950*

The American Indian and Lost Tribes of Israel

By ELEONORE O. STERLING

THROUGHOUT THE HISTORY of the dispersion and the suffering of the Jews the legend concerning the disappearance of the Ten Tribes of Israel has inspired many theories, dreams, and expectations. Hebrew remnants have oftentimes been joyfully uncovered in all corners of the world from the British Isles to the Sahara Desert and the prairies of America. Because the return of the lost tribes is intimately linked with the coming of the Messiah and the New Kingdom of God, much interest and speculation was again aroused when Hebrew origins were ascribed to the American Indian.

Today adherents to the theory that the Indians are the descendants of Israel are regarded as perhaps more lost than the lost tribes could ever have been themselves. Indeed, modern scholars doubt whether the ten tribes were ever "lost" at all, and many have declared that the discussion belongs essentially to the realm of folklore and religious dogmatism. However, the crucial factor remains that the story has never lost its charm. Closer examination reveals it deeply rooted in a series of historical events and in man's incessant quest to discover his origin and to understand the mysteries of the world in which he lives.

The discovery of America by Columbus caused great bewilderment among the wise philosophers and ecclesiastics who were steered in medieval dogma and prejudice. Out of the sea of darkness a new world had suddenly arisen. The fact that unknown plants grew upon it and that it was inhabited by strange animals and people threatened the validity of previous conceptions concerning the creation of man and the universe. Courageous

thinkers developed independent but awkward thoughts. One heretic conjectured that the newly discovered people might have been generated from the earth, aided by the sun's heat. He thereby implied that there had been a separate creation aside from that of Adam and Eve.

The church fathers, nevertheless, insisted that the origin of the strange people of the New World could be explained within the context of the Scriptures. All men, they asserted, are descendants from a single pair and all animals are the progenies of those who were privileged to accompany Noah in his Ark. The main controversy, henceforth, revolved around the manner in which the Indians were separated from the rest of humanity and the probable routes pursued by them to arrive in America. Whether the ferocious animals of the New World were brought over by the immigrants or whether they independently swam across the ocean was a riddle which perplexed many inquisitive minds.

Missionaries in the New World were wonder-struck upon discovering that the Indians spoke of deluges, where all living things were destroyed with the exception of one man, his family, and his flocks. Also there was a tradition among the "wild men" that they had undergone bitter suffering during long journeys. The parallels between their legends and the Old Testament seemed so striking that the theory tracing Indian origin to the missing tribes of Israel became widely accepted among early Spanish writers. However, while the Jews hopefully looked forward to the return of the lost tribes, the medieval gentile world conceived of the vanished group as disciples

of Satan, and as such the potential bane of Christendom. Consequently, to forestall the impending disaster, it was deemed imperative to bring the Indians speedily into the fold of Christianity.

The Spanish fathers found the Indians, alas, as "stiffnecked" a people as their Jewish brethren. The Evil One, they complained, had wisely foreseen that the Church would in due time introduce the Christian faith among the Indian lost tribes. He had therefore, attempted to dodge God's truth by perverting in this hapless group the history and customs of their Hebrew ancestors. He had tampered with their language until only vestiges of Hebrew remained, and almost succeeded in making the Indian entirely deaf to the truth of the Gospel.

It is interesting to examine the attitudes of the Spanish clergy toward the lost tribes in America because they were colored by their conceptions of the medieval Jew. The Dominican monk, Bartolomé de las Casas, described the evils perpetrated against "Israelite Americans" and envisaged a City of God in the New World. While he considered them, too, as God's children, Gregorio Garcia, in contrast, thought of them as not quite human. In an attempt to justify their exploitation and extermination, Garcia violently assaulted the "lost tribes in America." In his *Origen de los Indios* (1607) he reported that Indians and Jews have identical diabolical traits, and with zeal he dwelt on the ingratitude and hostility shown by both of these groups toward God and the Spaniards. Jews and Indians, he proclaimed, lack charity and are given to idolatry. Indeed, among other characterizations, he described them as cowards, liars, sorcerers, and swindlers; as despicable, idle, turbulent, dirty, incorrigible, and vicious.

Thus did the aboriginal inhabitants of the New World inherit the curse with which medieval Christendom had burdened the Jew. The association of Devil-Indian-Jew assisted in giving Spain's

gold-hungry adventurers a religious sanction to perpetrate many barbarities upon the natives. It is interesting that those converted Indians who returned to their pagan ways, were at times identified by the Inquisition of the New World with the Marranoes, who in secret continued to practice the Jewish religion.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the misfortunes of the Jews of Europe produced among them gigantic hopes and the wildest fictions concerning the Messiah and the lost tribes. The expulsion of the Jews from Spain, Portugal, and Germanic cities; their persecution in Italy; their massacre in Poland by Cossack hordes; the tragedy of the Marranoes under the Inquisition; and finally the devastation caused by the Thirty Years' War seemed to prove that the period of greatest darkness had come, and that soon there would be an end to misery and suffering.

In the year 1644 Antonius Montezinos, a Marrano merchant executed an affidavit before the authorities of the Jewish community of Amsterdam to the effect that hidden behind the mountains of the Cordilleras, near Quito, Equador, he had discovered natives who practiced Jewish ceremonies. They were the descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob and the first "finders out of America." They had promised, Montezinos maintained, to defeat the cruel Spaniards and then to help free the Jews in the Old World from bondage.

In 1650 the learned Rabbi Menasseh ben Israel, wrote his *Hope of Israel* dealing with Montezinos' discoveries and their eschatonic implications. An English translation was dedicated to Cromwell's Parliament, respectfully soliciting its "favour and good-will" to readmit the Jews to England. Inasmuch as natives in the New World were discovered to be Israelites, stated Menasseh, there are now Jews in all corners of the earth. Only their presence in the British Isles would be necessary to fulfil the prophecy of

complete dispersion whereupon "strange whirlwinds" would loosen all ships "from their anchors," enabling them to convey the tribes back to the Holy City.

Menasseh's tract created a sensation in England because it laid a glorious mission upon Englishmen to work with the chosen people of God. Indeed, many sects in the Commonwealth styled themselves as descendants of the Tribes of Israel. They, too, were intent upon a new communion of saints, a Macarian republic, and saw salvation of the gentile world in the recall and conversion of the Jews.

John Dury, a divine of great reputation, and John Eliot, the esteemed American missionary to the Indians, supported Menasseh's thesis, and Thomas Thorowgood's enthusiasm in finding Hebraic parallels was so great that he even discovered occasional cannibalism among Jews to match the misdeeds of the Indians. Jonathan Mayhew, Increase and Cotton Mather, Roger Williams and other prominent Massachusetts theologians also found the Indians "the posterity of the dispersed and rejected Israelites," and like the Jews inheritors of a "most grievous fearful curse." This identification influenced their conversion of the natives. Being descendants of the lost tribes of Israel, the Indians thus became more eligible for evangelization.

In order to facilitate the process of conversion, theologians and Hebraists in America and Europe studied Indian languages. To be sure, they believed to have discovered Hebrew traces in the dialects of the Muhhekwew, the Delaware, the Mohawk, and the South Eastern tribes of North America.

The founder of Pennsylvania was also impressed with the possibility that the Indians were the long lost Israelites. One may picture William Penn's amazement when upon landing in America he found the Indians' countenances so similar to those of the "Jewish race" that he thought himself in 'Duke's Place or Berry Street in London.'

The Enlightenment of the eighteenth

century with its faith in reason and the perfectibility of mankind freed human relations from the bondage of dogma. However, within the new scientific spirit of the Age of Reason was an element which soon saddled mankind with a new burden—the theory of the plural origin of the human species.

Naturalists questioned the validity of using analogy of customs and myths to investigate the origin and varieties of mankind. Too "enlightened" to believe in the scriptural version that the Indians were the lost tribes, they reduced the inquiry into their origin to an investigation of biological phenomena. From faulty observations of natural phenomena arose their claim that the Indians of America were separately created and endowed with biological characteristics inferior to those of white men.

Not until the twentieth century was science able by improved methods of investigation to invalidate the most obvious fallacies of the early naturalists and to establish a firm scientific basis for the unity of man. In the early nineteenth century opposition to the doctrine of the plural origin of the human species was led by the clergy and missionaries. Many found in the missing tribes a tradition by which they could retain the conception of the universality of all mankind. In their opposition to the naturalists, the ministers were accompanied, strange as it may seem, by a number of forgers, adventurers, and overzealous enthusiasts. One is struck by their tragically misguided efforts to shed light on one of the darkest spots of human existence.

In the 1860's a certain Mr. Wyrick excavated from Indian mounds in the vicinity of Newark, Ohio, a parcel of bones, a lock of black hair and four stones bearing Hebrew inscriptions. Intense excitement was aroused when he proclaimed that the discovery provided decisive proof that the Indians were descendants of the Lost Tribes of Israel. The antiquity of the stones was generally

accepted in good faith, and many wondrous theories arose regarding their origin and the singular shapes of the Hebrew letters. It was left to the Rabbi of Berlin, Abraham Geiger, however, to keep a clear head. Not only did he deny the antiquity of the "holy stones" but he rejected them as the "bungling work of an unskilled stone mason." To be sure, the truth of his suspicion was confirmed when after Wyrick's death bits of slate were discovered in his office on which he had been practicing Hebrew and masonry. Apparently, Wyrick, in the absence of scientific proof, wished to create objective evidence to support his theory.

Still more spectacular was the ill-fated project of the distinguished former United States Consul to Tunis, Mordecai Noah. In 1825 he hopefully devised a scheme by which world scattered Hebrews would be restored to nationhood on an island in the Niagara River. Besides the many government dignitaries and clergymen, the ceremonies initiating the utopia were also attended by Chief Red Jacket and other lost Indians of the Tribes of Israel. Judge Noah in his impressive oration, did not neglect to urge them to moderate their "wild manners" and to return to the fold of Judaism.

The theory that the Indians are descendents of the lost tribes persists. Students of Indian life and history appear to be unable to resist the temptation to mention Hebrewisms in Indian culture. Réville in his *Native Religions of Mexico and Peru* upholds the possibility of the Indians' descent from the lost tribes based upon the eschatological character of their religion. The painter George Catlin in the middle of the nineteenth century believed that North Americans were a "mixed race with Jewish blood" indicated by their customs and skulls. In Mr. Schoolcraft's extensive archeological researches for the United States Government, scalping appears to be a Hebrew custom. Although Dr. Garrick Mallery,

Vice President of the American Association for Advancement of Science, refuted the lost tribe theory in 1889, he nevertheless acknowledged striking similarities in the customs and religion of Jews and Indians. Norman Wood, a biographer of the lives of famous Indian chieftains, on the other hand, in 1906 sagely refuted the analogy between Indians and Jews on the grounds that Jews were experienced world financiers while Indians had no knowledge of the value of money!

As the physiognomical character and physical structure of the Indian became decisive in the study of his origin, the theory of Hebrew ancestry was excluded from the realm of science. Authorities began to express scepticism about "lost tribes" who bore racial characteristics different from those ascribed to Semitic Jewry. Nevertheless, the theory of the missing tribes contained valuable elements which scientific investigations have not yet been able to replace. The religious conjecture expressed a deep conviction of the universality of mankind when it recognized all men as descendent from one pair, and when it attempted to explain that the variety of human life and structure was due to the "loss" of fragments of humanity. It furthermore, associated human diversity with the hopeful vision of the coming of the Messiah and the New Kingdom of God.

The advance of science, on the other hand, tended to reduce the conception of human origin and variety to biological determinism and to genetic relationships. It appears, therefore, that today the real significance of the theory that the Indians are the descendents of the Lost Tribes of Israel does not lie in the argument as to whether or not it holds objective validity nor in an exposé of its fallacies. Rather the theory should be regarded, in historical perspective, as another of man's innumerable efforts to explain the mysteries of human existence.

Demagogues and Democracy

By CAREY McWILLIAMS

JAMES RESTON of the *New York Times* points out that American foreign policy is being fashioned not on the basis of facts but on what certain officials of the State Department think the American people will think about the facts. The explanation for this strange state of affairs is simply that many Americans are today the victims of a form of political self-intimidation. For years American demagogues—journalistic, political, and theological—have worked overtime to create a dangerous ideological booby-trap known as “the Communist Menace.” Caught in this trap, American voters have developed a set of conditioned political reflexes. The domestic threat of Communism—not the threat of Communism abroad—is the button which demagogues now push in gleeful anticipation of handsome pluralities. Despite all the investigations, however, there have been few realistic appraisals of the extent to which Communism constitutes a domestic “threat” or “menace.”

By a strange paradox, it is precisely those aspects of Communism most commonly regarded as threatening which doom Russian-style Communism to lasting political failure in the United States. Theoretically a communist movement might succeed in the United States; but a Russian-directed movement cannot succeed here. Yet far from inspiring us with a feeling of confidence, the conclusion itself is rejected although the evidence to support it is overwhelming. The paradox is so strange, indeed, as to suggest that we might feel much easier if the Communists had succeeded here as well as they have in France and Italy. For we would then be forced to deal with Com-

munist as a political reality and not as a “menace.” This becomes clear when one examines the various features of the Communist Party which are supposed to constitute its “menace” to American institutions.

For example, the Communist Party is said to be “the agent of a foreign power,” namely, Russia. If this charge were *not* true, then we might have something to fear from Communism; but the mere fact that it is widely believed to be true—whether it is or not—constitutes one of the most serious handicaps under which the Communist Party has functioned in the past. The charge, therefore, should delight American conservatives instead of scaring them out of their wits. But the “foreign agent” argument is even more ironic than this statement implies.

Every new political movement must stress certain *distinctive* symbols and slogans; otherwise its propaganda may be appropriated by some rival group. Recognizing this fact, the Communists have used a highly distinctive set of slogans and symbols which carry the Russian trade-mark. The net result, of course, has been to isolate the Communist Party from the American masses. When the Communists have occasionally tried to overcome this handicap by adapting their propaganda to American conditions—by adopting an American idiom—they have often succeeded only to discover that the party’s membership has not increased or has even declined. This is the real political dilemma of the Communist Party in the United States. The more “American” its symbols and slogans become, the more it ceases to be a distinctively “Communist” party. On the other hand, the more dis-

tinctively orthodox and "Russian" its propaganda, the narrower becomes the range of its appeal to the American people. From this trap there is no escape.

It is this dilemma which accounts for the strange alternation between what Lasswell calls "diastolic" and "systolic" tactics in the history of the Communist Party in America. On many occasions, the Communists have scored substantial successes with popular front organizations only to discover that party membership has not increased. Indeed the "broader" the particular front, the more rapidly it has tended to slip away from strict Communist control. Thus nearly every popular front success has involved a propaganda failure for the Communist Party. Well aware of this dilemma, the party has often been forced "to narrow" the base of movements which it had only just succeeded in "broadening." But when Communists have reached out to assert a tighter control over popular front organizations or ad hoc committees, the members have soon departed and the party has been left right where it started, with no hits, no runs, and no errors. For, as Lasswell also points out, it has been the general strategy of the Communist Party, and not its tactics, which have been wrong in this country. A Russian-inspired Communist Party cannot succeed in the United States since the energy and effectiveness of revolutionary movements dissipate the further they are carried from the original source. We are so far removed from the source of Russian Communism as to make it appear forever "foreign" and "alien."

We are also told that the Communist Party is a "conspiracy"—a statement which is calculated to inspire fear and trembling. Actually it would be more accurate to say that the party is the result of a conspiracy, namely, the conspiracy to suppress it. For it is from this conspiracy that most of its distinctive characteristics are derived. For example, the cell is the basic unit of Communist organization. The practice has been to keep

the cell small in order to protect the identity of its members. This makes, however, for what Lasswell calls a "nuclear" as distinguished from an "enlarged" constituency. The nuclear constituency may be necessary in an oppressive political environment but it is a great handicap in relatively "free" political climates. The cell protects its members but it denies them a real voice in the control of the party. In this country, the cell-system has produced a top-heavy bureaucracy, a narrow provincial outlook, a smug in-group feeling, and a self-replacing leadership. And as long as this system of representation prevails it will be difficult to overcome or remedy any of these limitations.

Again it is said that the Communist Party is "menacing" because of its strict control and discipline over members. The inference seems to be that American political methods and parties simply cannot compete with this Mephistophelean importation. But what are the facts? Far from being a source of strength, Communist discipline has been the party's major organizational weakness in this country; its members are much too disciplined to be effective. The fact that "orders descend in unceasing profusion upon the tiers beneath," stifles constructive criticism, drives a wedge between leaders and the rank-and-file, and makes for a ridiculous rigidity. That the American Communist Party still adheres to the notion of "democratic centralism"—in view of its obvious limitations—is only to be explained as another illustration of what Morris Hillquit once called: "the incorrigible tendency of the Moscow International to deduce from specific and casual Russian conditions infallible social maxims of universal applicability." Popular impressions to the contrary, "democratic centralism" makes for the maxim individual irresponsibility. Political parties cannot grow without vigorous and freely-expressed self-criticism. The fact that the Communist Party has repeated

its worst mistakes and errors not once but many times is the best proof that "democratic centralism" stifles real criticism.

And consider, too, the effect of Communist discipline on the party's ability to hold the members it recruits. By all accounts, the turn-over in Communist Party membership in this country has been phenomenal; ex-members obviously out-number members in the ratio of ten to one. Lasswell puts his finger on the basic explanation for the turn-over in membership when he says that the Communist Party attempts to dominate too large a sphere in the lives of its members. In this country, party members have unconsciously rebelled against the party's rigid discipline through "disguised non-conformity" and, above all, by the evasion of responsibility. Disguised non-conformity has taken the form of "petty leftism," being a "red-hot," and so forth. The evasion of responsibility—myths to the contrary—is apparent to anyone who has ever watched the performance of party members in non-party organizations. It takes the form, in most cases, of a chronic inability to distinguish words from actions; to assume that things said are things done. The evidence is overwhelming that Americans resent, consciously or unconsciously, any organization that seeks to control too large a sphere of their private lives or to rob them of individual initiative and autonomy.

The weakness of Communist "discipline" also shows up in the extraordinary emphasis placed upon public "confessions of error" of the type so noticeable in the post-Browder period. Lasswell and others have suggested that these confessions are related to "a symbolic reaction which eliminates some of the guilt arising from inaction and deviation;" the guilt is expiated and made less oppressive by being "diffused" or shared with others. It will be noted, however, that most of the confessing of error is done in collective terms such as "we" and "us." This orgi-

astic group self-criticism is the antithesis of genuine individual self-criticism. It is another symptom of the revolt of the ego against absorption in activities which drastically minimize opportunities for real initiative and independence of judgment.

At hearings of various un-American activities committees, I have listened incredulously to "experts" who have charged that the Communists are masters of deep guile and the cleverest deception. The fact is, of course, that the inflexibility of the party makes deception almost impossible. When Communists have succeeded in setting up a front organization, they have advertised their success from coast to coast thereby insuring the early collapse of the front. The Communist "line" is unambiguously delineated in theoretical journals which one could formerly purchase on any news-stand. Actually the most adroit deceptionists in American politics are the public relations maestros who can dress up "front" committees so skillfully that they probably deceive themselves. Of all the dime-novel myths about "the Communist menace" this notion that Communists are masters of guile and deception is the silliest. It is based on the fact that the party is a "secret" organization. But it is axiomatic in America that secret organizations are those whose most sacred rituals can be purchased for two-bits in any second-hand book store. To make a secret of anything in this talkative country is to insure its notoriety.

Then we are told that we must abandon all pretence of democratic practice in dealing with Communists because they advocate "force and violence." If this be true, then it merely means that the Communist Party has permanently alienated itself from the great mass of the American people. "Force and violence" are the great isolating factors in American politics. One could prove from the history of the American labor movement that the use of force or violence by unions or employers has almost invariably alienated

the general public. To make, then, the Communist Party's reputation for advocating force and violence an excuse for suppressing the party is to be governed by myth and fantasy. A sound policy would be to protect the Communists' right to advocate force and violence from every soapbox; nothing would better insure their failure to capture American opinion.

So far as the internal security of the United States is concerned, "The Communist Menace" is a hoax; in political terms the menace is a myth. The danger of Communist espionage and sabotage is an entirely different question which must be considered under the headings "espionage and sabotage" and not of politics. Politically the Communists menace no one; but Communist zeal does pose a real problem to the American liberal movement. The zeal and energy of the Communists is only remarkable in terms of the laziness of American liberals and their lack of unity. The difficulty with liberals is that they are mostly middle class people preoccupied with their businesses and professions and obsessed by the importance of their social life. If they attend one political meeting a month, they feel grossly imposed upon. Liberals are "interested" in politics but Communists are *political* and the difference is important. It is said that the Communists have been parasitic to the liberals; but this has not always been true. In the period from 1935 to 1945, the liberals were parasitic to the Communists, although the liberals would deny the relationship today.

If American liberals were frank they would acknowledge that Communists are not their real problem. Liberal middle class indifference is the real problem. To the extent that Communists have been influential in American politics or the trade union movement it has been because a vacuum has existed into which they have moved without substantial opposition or with little active competi-

tion. To say, for example, that Communists "infiltrated" the CIO is to be politically melodramatic; they simply moved in when the CIO was being formed. They were not opposed at the time; on the contrary, they were made welcome.

Communists have greater political zeal than liberals in large part because they have a dynamic goal or social purpose. The goal may be a myth; the purpose may be a delusion; but there is no denying the energizing effect that a goal or purpose can have on political behavior. It gives people the same driving force to be found among evangelical religious sects. The "greatness" of a goal or purpose is to be measured, in this sense, by its ability to influence people.

Furthermore the purposefulness of Communists is greatly enhanced by the political purposelessness of American liberals. What is their conception of the purpose of America? Is it to maintain a rat-race in which everyone is supposed not only to "keep up with the Joneses" but to be one step ahead of them? Can it be the purpose of America to compel people to earn more money so that they can buy more gadgets which have progressively less utility? Communism is a political problem in America largely because it cuts across the grain of the liberal's purposelessness. In this sense it may yet force the liberals to rediscover the meaning of America, which, as Alexander Meiklejohn once pointed out, is to be found in our commitment to freedom. The meaning of America is not to be found in a policy of "containment" or of "stopping" this or "combating" that. Purposes are not defined in this way. Purposes are dynamic and affirmative. They point to the future. They are inclusive. They are not motivated by fear.

Tactically it is a great mistake to commit American policy to the execution of a narrow sterile "anti-Communist" ideology. "Communism" and "Anti-Communism" are not the alternatives today. Indeed it is debatable whether or not

these ideologies are not basically the same. The real choice, as Lancelot Whyte has pointed out, "is not between one world or none . . . but between a social order which the whole world accepts as just, and no order at all." The more we yield to "anti-communist" demagogues, the more we confuse the real issues. The more energy we devote to "fighting Communism," the more we borrow from the methods of a police state and the more we come to resemble our "enemies," thereby confusing our friends. If we want

to base our policy on facts and not on myths, we must overcome an infantile susceptibility to demagoguery. And one of the ways to do this is to expose "the Communist menace" as a hoax. Our problem is not to suppress anything, including Communism, but rather to liberate the creative political energies of the American people so that we can compete, with all comers, for the leadership of those new social forces which will transform or destroy the world in which we live.



The Rabbi and a Student

DAVID SEGEL

(Courtesy of Mr. & Mrs. Bryon Massel)

WASHINGTON NOTES

By MURRAY FRANK

A LITTLE TRIANGULAR PARK in one of Washington's down-town areas was recently named Gompers Square, in honor of the late Samuel Gompers, founder and first president of the American Federation of Labor and sometimes described as "the statesman of the American Labor Movement." Just 18 years ago, in October 1933, President Franklin D. Roosevelt unveiled and dedicated the heroic bronze statue of Gompers in the little park around the corner from the AFL national headquarters building. Now, President Truman participated in the dedicatory exercises of naming the park for the little Jewish cigarmaker who helped to forge the American labor movement into the force that it is today.

In his day, Samuel Gompers was the leader of a united labor movement, the progenitor of the CIO no less than of the AFL. Today, he represents a unique symbol of the economic strength of organized labor in this country, but he is also a symbol of the high ideals and the sense of public responsibility of American labor. The statue shows Gompers seated, above him is the altar of justice, clasping hands across the altar are figures symbolic of Labor, behind them stand figures of Justice and Liberty, while a child with bowed head symbolizes the need for protection of children from industrial exploitation—the struggle against child labor, a cause that was so close to Gompers' heart.

William Green, his successor as AFL

head, characterized the immigrant Samuel Gompers as being "by nature American," which he explained in these words:

"His passion for liberty was the guiding purpose in his personal life and in his leadership which made human freedom the overriding purpose of our American trade union movement . . . Samuel Gompers taught his generation to live in the dignity of freedom as the nature of man requires. He handed to us a flaming torch. It is for us to keep this torch burning as a light for future generations."

President Truman similarly referred to Gompers' struggle to obtain "justice for the working man" and quoted the labor leader's view that "the American labor movement should retain the character of a crusade for human justice." After reviewing Gompers' part in the struggle for human justice and comparing this with present-day problems faced by labor and the American people as a whole, the President concluded:

"The labor movement has been following the principles established by Samuel Gompers. There was never anyone who worked harder than Samuel Gompers for international collaboration among free nations and free working men. There was never anyone who believed more deeply in the cause of peace and justice for all the people of the world. That was his goal—and it is ours. It is the goal of all progressive, forward-looking Americans."

Dedication of a square in the name of

a leader of a free labor movement, one who was a Jew and an immigrant at that, should serve usefully to give recognition to the vital role discharged by a free labor movement, by minority groups and people of immigrant stock in the modern American society.

* * *

SENATOR PAUL DOUGLAS, the very able and highly respected member of the U. S. Senate from Illinois, has made a great contribution to American life and civilization by calling attention to the low state of our ethical standards and our flagging morals. Heading a Senate Labor and Public Welfare subcommittee, Douglas and several of his colleagues recently made a study of the nation's "double standard of morality" and then issued his report to the American people in the hope that prompt measures will be taken to improve the situation before it wrecks our civilization from within.

Douglas was particularly concerned about the economic influence in our political affairs and the fact that this influence is often characterized by sinister and shady dealings which are gradually undermining public confidence in the American system of government and causing irreparable damage to our principles of democracy and free enterprise. Here are a few brief lines taken from the Douglas report which express the Senator's views on the subject:

"There is tolerance in American life for unscrupulous methods which bring immediate rewards, even though these methods, if they should become universal, would destroy the very society in which they are tolerated . . .

"Examples of double standards can be found in all walks of life today. The credit system of the country is based upon faithfulness in meeting obligations . . . yet some bankers have felt no compunctions about using RFC refinancing to rid themselves of bad risks. The businessman's code is to be independent and stand

on his own feet, but some organized industries, as well as other economic groups, do not hesitate to use all possible political forces to secure highly favorable decisions from legislators and administrators at the public expense.

"There is in American life a double standard, one highly responsible in its warm feeling for the welfare of our fellows, and the other coldly irresponsible in its singleminded devotion to direct personal advantage. The ruthless standard is epitomized by the traditional comment that 'business is business' and 'politics is politics.' When the two realms of economics and politics are combined, however, there is a clear danger to society from aggressive and self-centered policies."

Will the nation take heed of the Senator's constructive warning? Ethical standards and a high level of morality is a field of activity where every American citizen can contribute significantly, in the home, in the office, in the factory, at school, in every phase of human endeavor, but most of all in our association with fellow-Americans and human beings everywhere.

* * *

BACK IN NOVEMBER 1938, the Nazis launched their first organized persecution of Jews in Germany on a large scale. In one day, November 10, several hundred innocent Jews were killed, thousands were arrested, some 250 synagogues were burned, and thousands of Jewish homes and business establishments were looted and destroyed. The Hitler regime subsequently forced the victims to pay for the damage done by the Nazi hoodlums and finally imposed a punitive fine on the German Jewish community of over a billion marks. Looking back from the perspective of history, we know that this was a forerunner, a mere beginning, of what lay ahead.

Exactly 13 years later, on the eve of the anniversary of the infamous November 10th mass pogrom in Germany, an

American Jewish delegation presented a declaration to the State Department in Washington signed by 20 major Jewish bodies from seven countries to the effect that the Jewish communities of the free world are united in their demands that Germany should make material amends for the staggering losses which the Hitler regime inflicted on European Jewry. This declaration was in reply to a statement by Chancellor Adenauer of the Federal (Western) German Government on September 27, 1951, in which he acknowledged the Nazi crimes and the obligation of the German people to make the necessary amends.

Late in October, a two-day Conference on Jewish Claims Against Germany took place in New York with the participation of leading organizations from the United States, Britain, France, Canada, Australia, Argentina and South Africa, speaking for the Jewish communities in these countries, and also representatives of the State of Israel and the present Jewish community in Germany. The conference later declared that the magnitude of the crimes committed by the Nazis against Jews "cannot be expiated by any measure of material reparations" and that "no indemnity, however large, can make good the destruction of human life and cultural values or atone for the agony" inflicted on millions of Jews who were tortured to death by inhuman devices.

The decisions of the conference were now transmitted to the State Department by a delegation comprised of the American members of the conference's executive committee with the observation that Germany's desire to make amends "will be judged by the speed and extent of its implementation." The State Department's attention is drawn to the fact that the Jewish claims were a logical continuation of the restitution program which the United States had supported in the past. The heart of the declaration submitted to the Department is contained in the following paragraph:

"The Conference on Jewish Claims Against Germany, representing the overwhelming majority of organized Jewry in the free world, endorses the claim which the Israel government has already entered against Germany based on the rehabilitation in Israel of victims of Nazi persecution. We demand from Germany also the satisfaction of all other Jewish claims against her, including claims for restitution and indemnification by individuals, successor organizations and others, and for rehabilitation of the Jewish victims of Nazi inhumanity."

It seems to this writer that these claims are based upon the highest moral considerations and on elementary principles of justice and human decency. As such they deserve the support of our government and of all fair-minded and righteous-thinking people throughout the world.

* * *

BY THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR 1952, the State of Israel should receive the first benefits of economic and military aid which Congress voted it under the Mutual Security Program. It took nearly a year of work and effort on the part of Jewish groups and their friends in Congress before the final appropriation was voted, but Israel will be getting only a little more than half of what was originally requested.

Specifically, Israel will receive the sum of 50 million dollars towards aid for Jewish refugees and immigrants entering the Jewish State. Additional aid will also be extended under the economic and military programs of the act, but these have not been exactly determined at this writing. Nevertheless, it is authoritatively estimated that some 15 million dollars will be forthcoming for economic aid and another 20 million dollars for military purposes to build up the country's military power.

The total American aid to Israel will thus reach approximately 85 million dol-

lars, or about 55 percent of the 150 millions originally requested for such aid. Since this aid is extended during the current fiscal year ending in June 1952, it is hoped that Israel will also continue to be a recipient under the foreign aid program in the coming year and thereby afforded the opportunity to alleviate the critical economic situation in the Jewish State. Its share in the future, however, will depend to a large measure on international developments.

At the insistence of the State Department, the Arab States will also receive a similar grant as that given Israel (50 million dollars for aid to Arab refugees in the Near East and the remainder for economic and military aid), so that "political equilibrium" is maintained by the United States as between the Jews and the Arabs. Actually, it is a form of appeasement of the Arabs, which at best could have questionable results. Egypt's provocative actions in the Suez controversy are a case in point.

At the present writing, it is not quite clear as yet as to Israel's position or role in the proposed Middle East Defense Command. The Western Powers are aware of Israel's strategic importance in the area, particularly for the defense of vital communications and the flow of oil from the region, and are reported to be extremely interested in attaining peace between Israel and its Arab neighbors. The latter are reluctant to enter into such arrangements and, according to reliable sources in Washington, Egypt and possibly other Arab countries have been warned by the U. S. that they stand to lose any economic or material aid from this country under the foreign aid program.

Whether this will be sufficient to bring the leaders of the Arab countries around to the Western viewpoint and to enter into a regional pact for the defense of the Middle East against Soviet encroachment and aggression is a matter of conjecture. Those acquainted with Arab mentality and with their lack of cooperation with

the Allies during World War II are highly skeptical regarding positive results and are, therefore, inclined to view our appeasement of the Arabs as another futile effort. Appeasement has never paid and has never brought enduring benefits, but our statesmen somehow cannot seem to learn this lesson.

* * *

THE FIRST SESSION of the 82nd Congress ended on October 20 after nine months and 17 days—one of the longest in the annals of American history and one of the least successful by comparison. When the gavel fell at the close of that day there remained more unfinished business for the second session, scheduled to get underway on January 8, 1952, than was the case ordinarily for sessions of much shorter duration. This is true despite the fact that during the year 1951 Congress appropriated more billions of dollars than any of its predecessors did in times of peace, it approved taxes at a higher level than ever before, it voted more money for foreign aid, and it conducted more investigations and uncovered more scandals in a variety of fields in recent decades.

A tight control over Congress was exerted by the coalition of Southern Democrats and Republicans, resulting in legislation and policy determinations of a conservative nature. Liberal and progressive measures were almost totally ignored or so emasculated and amended that their authors would not recognize them.

As has been the case in recent years, Congress' biggest failure was in dealing with domestic problems. Social-welfare programs were given perfunctory treatment or not considered at all, as in the case of federal aid to education, health insurance, adequate public housing and slum clearance. In another instance Congress turned the clock back about a generation when it decided to revive the "shame lists" by permitting individual states to open their relief rolls to public inspection. Statehood for Alaska and

Hawaii, home rule for the District of Columbia, development of our natural resources, construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway, and many others were left for the new session.

The greatest disappointment, however, has been the complete disregard on the part of Congress of the civil rights program advocated by President Truman. Neither fair employment, nor anti-lynching, nor anti-poll tax, nor any other civil rights legislation aiming to eliminate discrimination and segregation from the American way of life was given serious consideration. Bills dealing with all phases of the civil rights program were introduced early in the session in both houses of Congress, but not a single one of these measures succeeded in reaching the floor of either house for discussion or a vote.

What is the outlook for civil rights legislation in the 1952 session? Frankly, very far from encouraging. Liberal Senator Hubert H. Humphrey's Labor subcommittee is planning to hold hearings on discrimination in employment as part of its investigation of the general manpower problem, but beyond that point nothing more is certain. It is doubtful whether, in the face of Southern opposition and threats of a filibuster, the subcommittee can succeed in bringing out a bill for floor action.

* * *

BEFORE ANY EFFORTS can be made to successfully pass any civil rights legislation, it will be necessary to amend and modernize the Senate's antiquated rules in order to make it possible to shut off a Southern filibuster by a majority vote. Under the procedure now in force, it requires a two-thirds vote of the Senate's entire membership (i.e., 64 out of the 96 Senators) to invoke cloture action limiting debate—an almost impossible task. Hearings were conducted by liberal-minded Senator William Benton (D., Conn.) just before Congress adjourned in October on four proposals to give the

Senate a more workable cloture rule, and the Senate Rules Committee is expected to report out its recommendations possibly in January. At the conclusion of the hearings, Sen. Benton observed:

"It is my great hope that a far more constructive rule will be reported early in January and pressed with determination in the Senate. Our friends in both Houses must then be prepared to sit out and fight through the inevitable filibuster."

Southerners will undoubtedly put up a terrific fight against any changes in the rules to stop a filibuster, because they are aware that once this procedure is established it will make possible the consideration of reform measures, including the highly controversial civil rights program. Already Washington newsmen are predicting that any attempt to change Senate rules may become the hottest single issue of the new session and may result in an explosive split in the Democratic Party. A bitter fight and filibuster at the start of a presidential election year could split Democratic ranks beyond hope of repair before the balloting next November. Efforts for some sort of a compromise will most certainly be made, but if any mutually acceptable compromise is attained it will be only at the expense of the civil rights program, such as by postponement.

Unfortunately, the need for strengthening democracy at home in a time of crisis and the need for strengthening democracy abroad is not understood by the powers-that-be. Selfishness, narrow regional interest and a false sense of patriotism are still placed before the interests of the nation and the welfare of the entire American people.

* * *

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL SYSTEM is presently experiencing a sharp crisis, and it is more than merely a financial crisis. Aside from the difficulties in getting more and better schools, more and better

teachers, more adequate salaries for teachers, better textbooks, and the like, our educational system is today on the defensive and is undergoing severe attacks and threats of persecution and re-creation from reactionary pressure groups who are menacing our free school system. Posing as "friends of the American public schools" and similar high-sounding but misleading titles, these groups are trying to dictate to communities what their schools should teach, what kind of persons are to be selected as teachers, what kind of textbooks are to be used and how the material is to be taught.

Educators are frankly worried over these developments. They are pointing to the fact that in a number of communities throughout the country these sinister forces are gradually undermining the school system through their vicious attacks. They are warning that unless parents and community leaders will sit down with the educators in their communities to discuss these problems and find the means to deal with these malicious groups, they will one day discover belatedly that hostile ideologies and totalitarian methods have penetrated our educational institutions to the detriment of American democracy.

Such a warning is contained in the annual report of the National Education Association, whose headquarters are in Washington, by its executive secretary Willard E. Givens who says that "American freedoms are challenged" by hostile ideologies, Communist and totalitarian, which threaten the democratic way of life. Referring to the public school as the cornerstone of popular government and refuting the claims of reactionary groups who charge subversive tendencies in our schools, Givens maintains that subversive activities will not arise through the educational system, but "in the frustration, and discrimination, and corruption, and

defiance of law and disdain for the freedoms that still may be found in some of the darker corners of American life."

The report, entitled "Schools for Our Times," points to the objectives and activities of the public education program, including the development of ethical character and building loyal citizenship. It discusses the constructive criticism leveled at the educational system by those who are sincerely trying to adapt the services of the school with the needs of the children. But it deals most harshly with those elements seeking to strip the educational program "to the fundamentals," namely the restriction of subject material, and those desiring to convert the school system into a medium of propaganda for their own extremist totalitarian political and economic theories.

"This is a decade of decision," Givens states in his report. "The doors to new worlds of knowledge are opening. Whether the oncoming generation of America enters them depends upon our schools. The doors to human freedom are being closed by the ruthless hands of totalitarianism. Whether they are closed here will depend upon those who are now in our classrooms. The decisions we make in this decade will not be trifling ones."

SEGEI



BOOKS

Books reviewed in this issue may be purchased at the regular price through the Book Service Department of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, 82 West Washington St., Chicago 2, Illinois.

Tales of the Hasidim, by Martin Buber. Translated by Olga Marx. Schocken Books. New York. 2 vols. 335 pp., 352 pp. \$7.50.

Martin Buber is in the United States, to stay probably until March of 1952. The greatest contemporary Jewish thinker, professor of social philosophy at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, is visiting the largest and most irreligious Jewish community in the world. The impact of the man upon the community, and of the community upon the man, is a matter of the greatest importance to both; to the man out of his concern for the community, to the community out of its need for the man.

It is a measure of the intellectual and religious disintegration of English-speaking Jewry that when an English translation of Buber's classic work, *I and Thou*, was published in 1937, it was above the imprint of the great Protestant publishing house of Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark. Buber's first impact was on Protestant thought. Even the least Protestant of the denominations, the Anglicans, have been schooled by Buber for almost two decades. Educated American Jewry, stupefied by the Americanization of their educations, have only now discovered Martin Buber, in the late autumn of his life—and of their own.

Tales of the Hasidim may be read without knowing much of Buber's thought. They can stand alone. It is unnecessary to be carefully instructed in the meaning of the Demonic to understand Buber's rendering of the masterful instruction of Rabbi Pinhas to his disciples on the meaning of the Evil Urge. It may be quoted in full as a typical example of the delightful mode of instruction of the *Tales of the Hasidim*:

Once, when Rabbi Pinhas entered the House of Study, he saw that his disciples, who had

been talking busily, stopped and started at his coming. He asked them: "What were you talking about?"

"Rabbi," they said, "we were saying how afraid we are that the Evil Urge will pursue us."

"Don't worry," he replied. "You have not gotten high enough for it to pursue you. For the time being, you are still pursuing it."

(p. 132, Vol. I)

Nevertheless, Jews who read Buber's two volumes seriously, as instructions in Judaism, would do well to preface their reading with *I and Thou*. (The inexpensive English edition is again available.) *Tales of the Hasidim* will provide deeper lessons so far as they are integrated into a philosophy of operational Judaism, and *I and Thou* can provide the overt philosophy missing in the *Tales*.

There are according to Buber, two levels of existence. Each man (*I*) knows, first, the world of things, the world man never made, which man only suffers and which suffers man only as an object. This is the world of *It*. Second, there is the world of relatedness, of the experience of connection that expresses humanity. Each man says *Thou* to another and to God at one time or another, when his humanity is full.

The relation of an *I* to a *Thou* is not an experience, however, to be sought and cultivated and stored up for the future. Man is no container of experiences, placing one above another in the box that is his personality until he is rich or poor in it. Buber delivers a lyrical attack on the cult of experience, almost at the beginning of *I and Thou*:

It is said that man experiences his world. What does that mean? Man travels over the surface of things and experiences them. He extracts knowledge about their constitution from them: He wins an experience from them. He experiences what belongs to things. But the world is not presented to man by experiences

alone. These present him only with a world composed of *It* and *He* and *She* and *It* again . . . The man who experiences has no part in the world. For it is "in him" and not between him and the world that the experience arises. The world has no part in the experience. It permits itself to be experienced, but has no concern in the matter. For it does nothing to the experience, and the experience does nothing to it. As experience, the world belongs to the primary word *I-It*. The primary word *I-Thou* establishes the world of relation.

The world of relation is established by love. Love, according to Buber, is the sense of responsibility, not a feeling state, as commonly supposed.

"Love is responsibility of an *I* for a *Thou*. The difference makes for totally different human relations. The Hasidim taught love by living lovingly, and they thought their love touched their God. God is the generalized *Thou*. Therefore, to love God brings a man to that "dreadful point," where there is nothing except to love all men. But every *Thou* is fated to become an *It*, a thing. Buber's dualism, like Freud's, is finally the tension between love and death. There is no salvation from the tension. Buber is truly Jewish, and ultimately unassimilable by Christian thought, because in his thought salvation is pure futurity. There can never be final salvation, as there is in Christianity.

Buber's edition of the *Tales* expresses the basic difference between Christian and Jewish theology. If the difference is known, then men cannot help choosing to be either Christians or Jews. Whereas in Christianity, God is responsible (in the Second Person) for man's fate in the world, in Judaism, as the Hasids teach, man is responsible for God's fate in the world. Whereas in Christianity, it is God who must save men, in Hasidism it is men who must save God. God is saved by the ordinary social life of every man. Therefore, Hasidism enjoins that every man live his life as if it alone can save God. The Hasidim developed a Judaism of action, as a reaction against what James Martineau called the "hard, external Jewish theism" of the Diaspora. But their reaction was not toward the "forensic drama of personal salvation" that is Christianity. Instead, Hasidism developed a religion of prophetic experience. Each moment was a time to go gathering Providences. Thus, time was ever-present, an eternity.

But Providence was not to be gathered

alone, or in the holy community, as in Puritan Christianity. As Buber writes: "One of the great principles of Hasidim is that the zaddik and the people are dependent on one another." The zaddikim need society as much as society needs the zaddikim. Hasidism taught a religion that was holy and social at the same time, not holy because it is social, as in contemporary Judaism.

SUSAN RIEFF

The Psychology of the Suffering Mind, by Israel J. Gerber. The Jonathan David Co. 202 pp. \$3.50.

This book would examine the psychological causes and effects of Job's suffering, and Dr. Gerber is to be commended for suggesting an approach which has been almost wholly neglected. His findings, however, are open to question, first, in diagnosing Job's ailment as "involuntary melancholia," and mainly in following the traditional interpretation that Job is saved or cured by acknowledging that man in his ignorance "should accept God's decisions without question." Now, all schools of psychotherapy agree that a crucial element in a patient's cure is the degree to which he becomes aware of the cause for his suffering. But if Job ends with unquestioning acceptance of God's mystery, then he knows no more than what he did at the beginning, that is to say, he is not cured.*

Dr Gerber's conclusion is that Job "possessed the characteristics of involuntary melancholia, which is defined as a depression of middle and later life." He lists the symptoms of those suffering from this illness before they became sick (given in Page's *Abnormal Psychology*) as "shy, stubborn, frugal, over-conscientious, and inhibited . . . Their interests are primarily confined to their family and work. They have few friends (and) many are chronic worriers." Dr. Gerber attempts to show these symptoms in Job. But the fact of the matter is that most of them do not fit Job before he became

*Another difficulty should be mentioned. Dr. Gerber assumes (together with Bradley and Ernest Jones on *Hamlet*) that a literary figure can be analyzed as though he were a living person. But Job and Hamlet live as poetic creations who can be understood only through analysis of the *metaphoric* associations in the text—a complex task which requires attention to the structure, form, and semantic overtones of the work.

sick. The man who boasts in chapter 29 of the time when old and young, rich and poor paid him reverence, when 'my steps were washed with butter,' who 'broke the jaws of the unrighteous,' was neither shy, frugal, nor inhibited, and his interests, as a patriarchal figure, certainly went beyond his personal domain.

Dr. Gerber makes a fruitful suggestion in pointing to the therapeutic function of the three friends. They provide Job with a cathartic opportunity to talk out his problem and to express his opposition to their theologic standpoint. But we need to go beyond this. Their traditional theology of uncritical acquiescence is an attitude which Job had shared. And it is the expressed form of their argument which makes Job aware of his own former standpoint, and leads him to transcend it. Moreover, he becomes aware of his love of ease and comfort in the past, of his smug self-satisfaction which stemmed from his adherence to "the books," all of which is sinful to the dynamic nature of Yahweh. Through his suffering and the confrontation of the friends, Job is roused to repudiate his earlier attitude. And it is for this reason that he is uplifted (or "cured"), while the friends are rebuked by the Lord. In this awareness that man should assert his right to delve into God's mystery (though man remains limited in this knowledge) lies Job's psychological recovery. Job's recognition is expressed in the last chapter when he says that before he had *heard* of God, but 'now mine eyes *seeth* Thee.' (For an elaboration of this argument, see my essay on *The Book of Job* in *CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM*, Summer 1951).

Still, Dr. Gerber's book is a pioneer effort in suggesting Job's psychologic involvements within the theologic problem. Such an approach can show that the problem of Job is not exhausted by its historic-religious setting and that it has all-human relevance. The study makes a further contribution by its scholarly presentation of the multiple views on the Book of Job which is enriched by Dr. Gerber's thorough knowledge of Biblical criticism.

HARRY SLOCHOWER

A Soldier's Story, by Gen. Omar N. Bradley. Henry Holt & Co. 618 pp. \$5.00.

General Bradley, in the preface to his book, writes: "If this story is to be told, it must be told honestly and candidly."

In these memoirs, he has done just that. He tells of the many mistakes that were made, who was responsible for them, how they happened and the bitter price paid as a result thereof. He gives names and details, and frankly states that generals are human, and none are immune to error. He candidly admits his own mistakes. He is outspoken, without being vicious, generous in his praise, and blunt in his criticism.

His honest and objective picture of the top commanders, Eisenhower, Montgomery, Alexander, Patton, Hodges, Simpson, Devers, Smith and the many others, his account of the jealousies, quarreling and bickering at SHAEF, with Montgomery scheming to set himself up as the top combat commander; that general, anti-American attitude, his attempts to discredit American commanders, and Eisenhower's job—compromising, appeasing, trying to adjust the differences between the British and Americans, are well described, and open a page in history that has long been needed to round out the story of what had actually transpired.

The account of the Sicilian invasion is excellent. The part played by the army and the navy, the amphibious and airborne landings are masterfully related. In his description of this campaign, General Bradley has narrated a chapter in the history of World War II, that has been long ignored or forgotten.

His consistent stand that United States troops be fought under a United States Field Command; his refusal to be subordinated to and serve under Montgomery; and his attitude to advise correctly the United States people of events are most commendable.

His love, respect and admiration for Patton as a man and military leader is apparent throughout the book; yet, he does not hesitate to criticize him when that is necessary. His narrative of the soldier slapping incident in Sicily is told without pulling any punches; and the conclusion that he drew therefrom that "in the end made him a better commander" is most logical.

In telling of the Battle of the Bulge, for which he takes his share of responsibility by an admission that it was a costly surprise, he reveals that it was failure in the top echelon and blundering on the part of G2 at SHEAF that led to the disaster. Whether it was a "calculated risk," or

whether there was any justification for what has happened, is something that can be argued for some time to come.

His revelation of Eisenhower's decision to permit Montgomery to make his offensive in the North was an error that prolonged the war, is described in detail.

No review can do justice to the book. It is a treasury of information, written modestly and in a style that can be understood by all, a story of how the war in the Mediterranean and in Europe was planned, how great decisions were made and executed; a story of how this part of the war was run and won.

HARRY G. HERSHENSON

The Way to God, by Maxwell Silver. Philosophical Library. 303 pp. \$3.00.

The Way to God is written as a dialogue between the author and his son who is about to leave home to join the American armed forces in the second world war.

By his own admission, the son's faith in God is wavering. He is not like the congenital rationalist whose mind is closed to any arguments for belief in God. The son wants to believe in God; but in the way to God he finds obstacles. The skeptic within him propounds perplexing problems which upset his faith. He wants his father to offer such proofs of the existence of God and such reasons for faith in Him as will convince and satisfy a philosophically oriented and scientifically minded young man. He is especially perturbed by the age-old problem of evil and tragedy in a world which, from the theistic point of view, is ruled by a just and merciful God.

The father, Dr. Maxwell Silver, is an ordained reformed Rabbi who had become a financier while he was still a young Rabbi, but whose chief avocation has been the study of philosophy, religion, and ethics and as author of books on these subjects. He is familiar with his son's challenges to religious faith. He knows the modern temper and the current problems of the intellectual who seeks a rationale for theism.

His son's frankly expressed doubts and arguments give the author an opportunity to point to the way to God in an intellectually plausible and emotionally appealing manner.

For his philosophical justification for

faith in the God of the ancient Jewish prophets and sages he leans heavily upon Columbia University's Professor Irwin Edman who in his book *Four Ways of Philosophy* has a chapter entitled "Philosophy as Mystical Insight." This chapter provides our author with a philosophical sanction for his belief that mystical insight led the prophets to the intuitive as well as rational belief in the just and merciful God who rules our inherently moral universe and requires humanity "to do justice, to practice loving-kindness and to walk in humility with God."

He argues that since philosophy and even science must resort to assumptions and hypotheses in their effort to explain the riddle of the universe, why cannot religion, too, exercise the same prerogative to provide humanity with "certitude, peace, and joy."

He devotes a large section of the book to an imaginary meeting of Aristotle, the exponent of Greek philosophy, with Jeremiah, the typical Jewish prophet. While much of this discussion between the philosopher and the prophet may not be essential to prove his main thesis, it is an illuminating study of the basic difference between the motivation for morality as advocated by the Greek philosophers and the morality commanded by the God of the Jewish prophets and sages. To the Greek philosophers, morality was merely a matter of prudence; to the Jewish prophet, morality was an imperative, since morality is inherent in the very structure of the universe. "Justice and righteousness are the foundation of thy throne." While religion, the way to God, involves more than morality, religion without morality or even with morality only as a prudent expediency, is inconceivable and impossible.

The problem of evil and tragedy in a universe ruled by a beneficent God leads the author to a lengthy but ingenious interpretation of the book of Job which grapples with this problem from a theistic point of view. For this discussion alone the book is worth reading. In connection with this problem of evil the author gives an interesting pragmatic argument for theistic faith that his father had given him when he was a doubting and questioning youth: "we who believe in the existence of God have at least the comfort of having somebody to complain to for our misfortunes. But those who argue, to

use the Talmudic phrase, that "there is neither justice nor judge in the world"—those poor fools haven't even someone to complain to (p. 277).

In the epilogue (p. 284) the author seems to be pleased that his arguments have helped clarify and confirm his son's faith in God, philosophically as well as traditionally. He quotes from a letter that his son had written him from the fox-holes of the Pacific Islands. In this letter the son recalls his father's instruction. "During those desperate moments, it does somehow help to see beyond the desolation, a new Israel, and in the very teeth of personal tragedy, to capture a precious bit of confidence in existence and of that deep deathless serenity which was theirs (the Jeremiahs and the Jobs) as a result of this mystic trust."

What a glorious climax to a great and glorious plea and directive for the way to God!

MORRIS TELLER

The Birth of the Bible: A New Approach, by Immanuel Lewy. Bloch Publishing Co. 254 pp. \$3.00.

The conventional scholarly approach to the problem of the source material in the Bible is now under attack by scholars themselves, although there is no agreement on a new interpretation. The piecemeal segmentation of the Pentateuch (Torah) by the Graf Wellhausen school of critics chops up this literature into sources and fragments of sources, which are symbolized by the letters J, J2, JR, E, E2, JE, JER, and the like, and "authoritatively" identifies even small parts of verses by one of these letters. Such a minute analysis leaves many a student cold, for the power, warmth and vitality which is associated with great literature is destroyed by the literary surgeon.

The present volume is a welcome attempt to recover the living, meaningful structure of the Bible by the method of determining a specific personal authorship for some of its major sources, hitherto treated as wholly anonymous. Thus the author concludes that there was one original document instead of JEP, and that this was written by the prophet Nathan. Priests in his day revived this document, and in the ninth century it was augmented ("commented upon") in the North by a guild of prophets headed by Elisha. In the south Jehoiada prepared

his commentary of the Nathan document. The "Hezekiah Committee" compiled these commentaries and included in this compilation a re-edited text of Deuteronomy, the original version of which was the work of Elisha. Jehoiada's work (Pn) is preprophetic and therefore much earlier than the usual date for the P document.

The author has gone into his subject thoroughly and his book reveals his thoughtful use of important literature on his problem. His discussion contains valuable insights for the student of the Bible. For example: "In the history of religion, morality and art we note that that which is later is not always finer and loftier." "There is substantially only one moral law for all persons and all walks of life." "Within the diversity of creeds we must select the fittest."

In spite of the serious effort made by the author to humanize the Biblical sources and to make their religious and ethical values available to the modern reader, the book presents many problems to this reviewer. The greatest of these is the assumption that Nathan, Jehoiada and Elisha are authors of Biblical sources commonly designated by the symbols J, E and P. There is simply no proof at all that this is true. As interesting as this hypothesis is, it must remain only an hypothesis, in the complete absence of appropriate proof. What little is known about Nathan, Jehoiada, and Elisha is far too inadequate to construct a view of their actual personalities and outlook. How then can such a concrete matter as authorship of particular writings be ascribed to them? The critic, before coming to any conclusion about these men, is required to weigh the value of the sources which report their activities.

There are other assertions which must be questioned. It is far more likely that the corruption of Israel's religion with sexuality derived from its associations with Canaanite Baalism than from Egyptian influence in the time of Moses (p. 16). The attack by Hosea upon the fertility cult makes this clear. Selecting only one other example of an unproved assumption, we may note the statement that Amos' God created nature, the stars, the cosmic order (p. 23). This rests evidently upon the nature poems in Amos which are separate from the prophet's style and argument, resembling similar material in the so-called Second Isaiah

rather than the writing of the earlier prophet.

In spite of these negative criticisms, however, laymen and specialists will find helpful viewpoints in this volume. It is not cluttered up with technicalities and its style is readable.

OTTO J. BAAB

Montage of a Dream Deferred, by Langston Hughes. Henry Holt & Co. 75 pp. \$2.00.

In the rhythms of these verses, which are the rhythms of boogie-woogie, bebop, jazz, or what have you, are caught the inarticulateness, the longing, and the frustration of a people who dream of the Freedom Train which has no Jim Crow cars. The total impress is one of pathos. They arouse sympathy, like the songs of slaves set in a minor key, the pathos of a people who find in such a place as Harlem some slight alleviation of their woes. Harlem, with all its limitations, is a better place for the negro than the South, where degradation and economic injustice pre-

vail. But Harlem, though "better," is the place of a "dream deferred."

The Jews:

Suits
Fruit
Watches
Diamond rings
The Daily News

Jews sell me things.

Yom Kippur, no!

Shops all over Harlem

Close up tight that night.

Some folks blame high prices on the Jews.

(Some folks blame too much on Jews).

But in Harlem they don't answer back,

Just maybe shrug their shoulders,

"What's the use?"

* * *

Sometimes I think
Jews must have heard
the music of a
dream deferred.

CARL H. GRABO

A Doomsday Masque

A Philosophic Depiction in Verse and Prose
of the day of the Atom Bomb.

By CARL H. GRABO

A limited and numbered edition published by the Falcon Press.

While they last copies may be secured at \$2.00 each from

The Chicago Jewish Forum

82 West Washington Street

Chicago 2, Illinois

Jerusalem Has Many Faces, by Judah Stampfer. Farrar, Straus and Company. 92 pp. \$2.75.

It is thrilling to greet this work by a poet who out of his Jewishness says a clear "Yes" to Humanity, and as a Man declares "Yes" to his Jewishness.

Stampfer, fortunately, is equipped to do both. Born in 1924, he was a Phi Beta Kappa student at the University of Chicago where he took a master's in English Literature. He was ordained a Rabbi at Yeshiva University in New York where he also took a master's in Education at Columbia. Awarded a fellowship to study at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, his birthplace, he arrived there to find the University closed and the land engaged in a war of liberation. He fought in that war, then returned to America to take a doctorate in English at Harvard.

His poetry reveals a mind clear, incisive, and comprehending. He has no false shame, no false mellifluous self-consciousness, no false trepidation with which to play at taunting his fancy. His is a frank and relevant attempt to reveal and understand himself, his people, Man and God. Moreover, his words are usually relevant and concise. He does not paint a gaudy, elaborate canvas where a line will do; does not fondle his words for the mere alleged beauty they may in themselves contain.

Rejecting the role of "The Romantic Poet" ensnared by empty Beauty and an empty music of words, he reaches through "The Heart of Darkness" into a history which he understands, and "Out of This Past" finds, with his people, a *modus vivendi*. Here he sings the epic of Jacob wrestling with the angel who says, before Jacob releases him:

"... Jacob is dead. In sight
Of God I call thee—Israel. Be free."

It is in "The Language of Free Men," thus, that he chooses to sing. Here:

"Words should be clean and tough as
cobblestones,
That simple people, in the marketplace,
Should grip them with their feet and
never stumble."

And in words

"quarried from the deepest bedrock earth"
Stampfer chants of "The Children of
Jerusalem"; of the fantastically beautiful
kaleidoscope of an "Eastern Courtyard
in July," of the land where

"... the kibbutzim huddle in their leafy
nests
And brood on the second generation."
and where

"Men with ascetic eyes and sensual lips
Dandle eternity on their fingertips."

But this is also the land where he fought in a war and sang, in a delightfully American rhythm, the "Frightened Soldier Blues," the song of soldiers everywhere who have lain in the dirt expecting death; and in "Truce Without End," of the anxious helpless waiting at the front.

And bitterly, without false humility, he seeks reaffirmation, challenging, taunting God as only one who seeks Him can. He cries out for God to speak to Man again, to reassert Himself over

"... the mocking men (who) converse
With Thy paralyzed will"

He broods that

"The simple cunning of the wasp, the bee,
Is how to sting, and sting, and still be free.
The poisons human beings generate
Fix them forever to the things they hate."

over the hypocrisy, the willfull viciousness by which men seem to guide their actions.

But, singing with the Psalmist that

"... I fear no evil,
For Thou art with me..."

he declares, in "The City of Man":

"... we are islands, linked, in the penitence
of love..."

and pleads:

"... So let our piety be unadorned,
And all our systems breathe a song of
sleep."
MOSHE KOHN

Marriage and the Jewish Tradition, by Stanley R. Brav. Philosophical Library. 218 pp. \$3.75.

Marriage and the Jewish Tradition is a compilation of fifteen essays by the same number of distinguished scholars of the 20th Century. Since the authors have extolled the virtues of the Jewish family life in each essay, the title would be more exact as *Marriage and the Jewish Tradition of the Family*. These essays provide invaluable material which gives an impressive picture of the Jewish family throughout the ages and inspires one with the hope that the wisdom gleaned from the past experiences will help solve, the problems of the present.

While the essays are of immense value to sociologists, psychiatrists, marriage

counselors, ministers, church teachers, and everyone working in the family field, they should be of even greater value to the Jewish people who have been preserved by their family ties. The Jews need such wisdom as these scholars have gathered in their depiction of the solidarity of the family in Jewish homes.

Samuel Glassner points out that since the family is probably the most basic unit of all society, it is a great cause for alarm that marriage and the family are today facing a crisis. In striking contrast to the confusion and chaos caused by one war after another, he points to the picture of marriage and family life which Jewish tradition presents, in order that the Jewish people may well turn to that tradition again for the light on some of the problems which face them today.

It is interesting to note that celibacy was frowned upon and condemned for many ages as an unnatural way of life. The unmarried man was regarded as an incomplete man because he was unable to attain his full moral stature. In some places during the Middle Ages no man over twenty or under sixty was permitted to reside without a wife. As a result, prostitution was practically unknown in Jewish life from early times, when it was denounced as a feature of paganism, to quite modern times. Within marriage, absolute fidelity was expected of both husband and wife. The double standard made itself felt only in comparatively recent times by assimilation from the non-Jewish environment.

One wonders if there would be so many marital failures and broken homes today if the husband and wife were equal in the marriage partnership! The author agrees with the students of marriage problems today that next to sex, the greatest cause of marital unhappiness is financial. At a time when many marriages are the result of ill-considerate haste, of drinking parties, careless escapades, and war time pressures, one can appreciate the recommendation one finds in the Talmud: "Hesitate in selecting a wife." Over and over again, the Jewish people emphasize the need for a sound financial basis, and they introduced stipulation along these lines into the marriage contract. "A man should first build a house" they taught, "then a vineyard, and only after that, marry."

In view of the fact that during the

Middle Ages, matches were made by the parents, the selection of the marriage partner was determined largely by prudence. However such factors as learning, respectability, and good character were always emphasized far above wealth. And recognizing that in spite of all precautions and admonitions, some marriages would still prove unsatisfactory, the Jewish law provided for divorce in various situations and encouraged remarriage.

Rabbi Cronbach says that in spite of the growing tendency in Judaism to make divorce as difficult as possible, the idea persists that, when affection between husband and wife has waned, divorce restrictions should apply with leniency.

The essay, "The Education For Marriage" of Barnett R. Bruckner should be read and digested by every person contemplating marriage as well as by those already married. The contents are vital to the welfare of present day education. Every intelligent person agrees that education is essential for marriage but the author develops the subject to show that education is valuable in the solution of social and personal problems only if that education translates itself in terms of character building. Education which concerns itself largely with imparting the facts of life rather than the principles has failed in its value. Education should condition people to lead a moral life which would give them a good family life. He ends his essay by stating that:

"The greatest contribution the Jew has made to the world, next to Ethical Monotheism, is his conception and organization of the family and the preservation of our western civilization depends upon the monogamic family."

MATILDA FENBERG

The Legacy of Maimonides, by Ben Zion Bokser. Philosophical Library, New York. 128 pp. \$3.75.

Ben Zion Bokser's *The Legacy of Maimonides* is a very timely book. In the past few years thoughtful observers have been pleased by signs of a reawakened interest in Jewish Theology. There has been a sharp increase in the number of articles and books that have attempted to link the main stream of Jewish thought with the various currents in philosophical and theological thought of our day.

It is here that we find a striking parallel to the time and work of Maimonides. He,

too, lived in a period when the challenge of non-Jewish philosophers and theologians had to be met by those who were deeply convinced that Jews dare not remain alien to the intellectual ferment of their time. And whether it was Aristotelianism in its Moslem or Christian variants, or Pragmatism, Existentialism, or other modern varieties of philosophical thought they need to be studied and understood by Jews and their relationship to Jewish tradition explored.

But not only the setting, the contents of Maimonide's work, also, can, at least in part, help shed light on our own intellectual struggles, as Ben Zion Bokser points out again and again. The whole question of the place of reason with its tremendous and exciting possibilities, but also its definite limitations within the scope of religion and particularly of Judaism, the whole discussion of the negative attributes of God with its interesting and enticing semantic overtones demonstrate the contemporary qualities and value of Maimonide's thinking, clearly and lucidly set forth in this volume.

In addition, the chapters on "Religion in Culture" and "Man as a citizen of the Universe" add the kind of material and treat it in a manner that will make the average reader turn to this book again and again with interest and delight. The Philosophical Library, along with others, is performing a most appreciated service in presenting books of such high quality for the use of the general reader. We only hope that Rabbi Bokser will continue to bring the vast riches of the Jewish past to an ever growing audience.

HERMAN E. SCHAALMAN

Johnson: Prose and Poetry. Selected by Mona Wilson. Harvard University Press, Cambridge. 961 pp. \$4.25.

Goldsmith: Selected Works. Chosen by Richard Garnett. Harvard University Press, Cambridge. 847 pp. \$4.25.

Sterne: Selected Works. Edited by Douglas Grant. Harvard University Press, Cambridge. 752 pp. \$4.25.

Browning: Poetry and Prose. Selected by Simon Nowell-Smith. Harvard University Press, Cambridge. 776 pp. \$4.25.

These beautifully produced books of the new Reynard Library are made in

England, there published by Rupert Hart-Davis, and published in the United States by the Harvard University Press, at the very reasonable price of \$4.25. Each volume is bound in a different colored buckram and bevelled at the edges. The typography is excellent. In every way these are among the most tastefully produced books to have come our way for a long time. They should enjoy a great success.

Much the same plan is followed in each of the volumes of providing an introduction in which the editor tells of the principles which he has followed in making his selections. This is followed by a useful Chronological Table in which the chief events of the author's life are set out. Each major selection has a bibliographical note preceding it, and as for other notes, these are very few and unobtrusive. Where necessary there is an index of titles and first lines.

The selections have been made with great felicity, being both representative with an happy proportion of the author's lesser-known writings, and singularly well arranged. What a boon these books are! They cannot be too highly recommended.

M. F. ASHLEY MONTAGU

Stories and Fantasies, by Emil Bernhard Cohn. Translated from the German manuscript by Charles Reznikoff. Jewish Publication Society of America. 262 pp. \$3.00.

Here is a collection of ten short stories out of the Jewish past which will delight and enrich students of Jewish culture. It is difficult to separate the "stories" from the "fantasies;" let us say that each "unit," fascinatingly told, unfolds a chapter of Jewish life not told often enough.

The stories go back to the biblical days, ancient history and the middle ages. It is not necessary to know something about Jewish history and folklore to enjoy the writing but a knowledge of what the author is talking about will bring far more added value and wisdom.

The tales told are not one-dimensional. They are of weakness and strength, tears and laughter, anxiety and confidence, arrogance and humility, austerity and warmth; they run the gamut of emotions and actions that pass through a proud people in struggle and in search.

Some of the "fantasies" can just as well be termed allegories or parables. What is

an allegory but the description of one thing under the image of another and these stories have a definite relationship to the trying times the Jews went through during the highmark of fascism.

The author, Dr. Emil Bernhard Cohn, was an ardent Zionist and the stories, nine of which were prepared at the invitation of the Jewish Publication Society, reveal his Zionist approach and earnestness. The keynote of the book, it seems to me, is the speech by Rabbi Judah to Marcus Aurelius in the story, Rabbi and Emperor:

"... We are writing a book that will be called the *Mishnah*—a word with a double meaning. *Mishnah* may mean 'repetition' and by that our learned men mean that they do not claim to say anything new. We repeat and we shall only repeat: that is what our life is for the duration of our days. The word *Mishnah* also means 'teaching,' and as such, God's word—as we understand, explain and expound it. This book will have no author's name on it like yours, Caesar, neither mine nor another man's. The times have composed it, not we. This is a book with open doors—a door through which we came and a door through which we shall go out. But the door is open for the coming generations, who will enter it, as we entered it, explaining, expounding and always repeating. That is what we are like and there is the difference."

This collection seeks to keep a light burning over that door. To those who carry the *Mishnah*, the light will be doubly welcome.

RALPH FRIEDMAN

Puritanism and Liberty, edited by A. S. P. Woodhouse. University of Chicago Press. 506 pp. \$6.00.

Masaryk, writing before the Bolshevik revolution, thought that a study of Russian religion would do much to explain Russian politics. Berdyaev bolstered the point in his great book on *The Origins of Russian Communism*. Conversely, contemporary writers are convinced Russian Communism is a complete religious system, with the Communist party as an elect body administering the divine order. Scratch a religion, and there is a politics. Scratch a politics, and there is religion. The scratching has gone deeper and deeper as men have come again to understand the connection. It has gone speci-

ally deep into the connections between certain forms of Protestantism and Modern democracy. Prof. Woodhouse has re-edited and reprinted the central text of these connections, the Army Debates among the Puritans of the English Revolution. He has supplemented the famous Clarke papers with others designed to further illuminate the connections. But he has taken the precaution to illuminate the tensions as well. Thus, although he follows Lord Lindsay quite closely both in his analysis and in his evaluation, Prof. Woodhouse's Introduction to the Army Debates, put before this edited reprint of the Debates themselves, are more carefully balanced than the appraisals of the connections in either Lord Lindsay's *The Essentials of Democracy*, or in his classic *The Modern Democratic State*. Nevertheless, Prof. Woodhouse owes everything conceptual to Lindsay: "The church preserves the free form of community and finally enables . . . it to influence by analogy the theory of the state. First the principle of segregation; then, that is enforced, the power of analogy: on these two things the democratic influence of Puritanism chiefly depends." (*Intro.*, p. 86)

The term 'principle of segregation' is not so graceful as its proponents, nor so monumental as its meaning. By it Prof. Woodhouse means to convey the characteristic separation by Puritan thought of the natural and divine orders, of the sacred and the secular. "The segregation of the spiritual and the secular is indeed the means by which the concern for liberty frees itself in the secular sphere from other and countervailing impulses, and disposes of all those particular inferences from dogma which are inimical to liberty." (*Intro.*, p. 58) The principle of the separation if not the autonomy of the two orders led, as Prof. Woodhouse notes, to the ideal of the absolute separation of church and state, of the social organs of grace and nature respectively, upon which modern democracy, in some measure, rests. This does not mean Puritanism divorced ethics from politics. It simply reserved the holy community, finally, for the order of grace. When society decides it must be a holy community liberal democracy must be destroyed. This explains the anti-democratic impact of certain sect groups of the Puritan left. The universalization of democracy. What is needed today are more communities, and some that have a sense

of their holiness, to save democracy from the pestilence of indifference and impersonality that characterizes modern society. But Holy communities are not raised by fiat, or by Unescos. They must come of themselves, or at least from unplanned situations. Men are powerless to create them if they will not live in them.

PHILIP RIEFF

John Adams and The American Revolution, by Catherine Drinker Bowen. Little, Brown and Co. 699 pp. \$5.00.

Many Americans hold a romantic notion that a few patriotic gentlemen, enraged by the Stamp Act, the Boston Massacre, and the Boston Tea Party, somehow gathered from nowhere and sat down in Philadelphia to sign Jefferson's immortal Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776. The fire-crackers our youngsters light remind us of little else. The truth is that most Americans are strangers to their own history—a history of trying times when, despite isolation from communication and myopic provincialism, thirteen separate, self-interested colonies slowly realized their destiny was in common.

The role of helping the colonies to get ready for independence during the 1760's and early 1770's belonged preeminently to John Adams. He lived to be ninety and ultimately became the second President of the United States. Few think of Adams as ever having been young. Yet his first forty years paralleled the times when the American Revolution grew in the minds and hearts of the people. The years between 1760 and 1775, when the first shot was fired at Lexington, were the years that made war with Britain inevitable.

The author of *John Adams and the American Revolution* is Catherine Drinker Bowen, who captured the heart and spirit of Justice Holmes so completely in her recent biography, *Yankee From Olympus*. In her newest work, she portrays the first forty years of John Adams' life. It was then that he emerged as leader, arguer, defender, and believer in American independence and confederation for the thirteen colonies.

The book opens with a boy of ten starting to learn life. It ends some thirty years later when thirteen colonies sent representatives to a congress—among them Washington the General, Franklin the American agent in London, Jefferson

the brilliant phrase-maker—and there agreed to adopt a government independent of the British crown. The stage was now set for the events of history to pass: the publishing of a declaration, the prosecution of a war for independence, a confederation to develop, a constitution to draft.

Seldom has colonial life in mid-eighteenth century America been sketched more graphically than here. Mrs. Bowen's chapters on John Adams at Harvard, where this son of a Yankee farmer matriculated in 1751, gives a clear picture of what college life was like two centuries ago—outwardly so different and yet basically the same in providing conditions for intellectual growth. Young Adams declined to enter the ministry for which Harvard trained so many promising young men, and instead decided upon the law. The procedure in those days was to study in some lawyer's office for two years, master Coke's *Institutes*, and then find two gentlemen of the bar who would vouch in court for the candidate's learning and integrity. John Adams followed this procedure through varying vicissitudes. Before long, his reputation as an able lawyer reached beyond his native village of Braintree.

Whenever lawyer John travelled the circuits on horseback, he used the time spent in wayside inns to discuss the subject on everyone's lips—British domination. Parliament had passed many acts regulating North American commerce in true mercantilist fashion, but it was one thing to legislate and quite another to enforce the acts three thousand miles away. But with the French disturbance over, Britain now had time to pay close heed to her colonies. Her announced intention of enforcing the various restrictive acts of trade threw the colonies in a frenzy. The life blood of the colonies, particularly Massachusetts, was commerce.

John Adams firmly believed in the inalienable rights of men. These could only be secured, he felt, if Britain recognized the inviolable integrity of the colonies' right to pursue trade and commerce unhampered by the mother country. But Britain looked upon these colonies as a parent often regards an adolescent child clamoring to assert his independence: the hotter the objection to parental control, the firmer the clamp

on the youngster's freedom. Such was Britain's feeling toward her ungrateful colonial children.

Massachusetts was the most obstreperous, for in Boston was one Sam Adams, cousin of John Adams, who became a master in the art of revolution propaganda. Together the "brace of Adams" worked diligently to mobilize public sentiment. They spread the movement by pen and spoken word to the other colonies.

John Adams moved from Braintree to Boston so that he could be near the hub of things. There, he tried some critical cases. To show his fair-mindedness and devotion to constitutional procedure, John Adams stood up against his own cohorts and defended the British soldiers who fired their muskets into a Boston crowd—the so-called "Boston Massacre." Talk in the coffee-houses and taverns went strong against Adams for this, but he thought that even these "red-coated lobsters" (as the Boston mob called His Majesty's soldiers) were entitled to due process of law rather than lynching. At all times during these years, John Adams hoped that the colonies' differences with Britain could be adjudicated peacefully. Only slowly did it dawn upon him that the price of peace was revolution.

One puts down *John Adams and the American Revolution* only after having lived through a turbulent epoch. Mrs. Bowen has convinced the reader that "there were giants in the land in those days" none of whom outranked young John Adams. Her human understanding of a man who has come down to us as a cold arrogant creature gives us a fresh approach to a misunderstood man. This is a remarkable book which I herewith nominate for the 1950 Pulitzer prize in biography!

RICHARD C. HERTZ

Watch For The Morning: The Story of Palestine's Jewish Pioneers and Their Battle for the Birth of Israel, by Thomas Sugrue, Harper. 304 pp. \$3.50.

The courage and idealism of the Jews in Israel have attracted the sympathy and the hearts of men of good will everywhere. Among these is Thomas Sugrue, an American Catholic. Though confined to a wheel chair by crippling arthritis, he travelled to Israel to see for himself if the idealism inherent in the return of the Jews to their ancient land was being

realized. Here in the words of those most intimately involved, he tells the oft-repeated stories of the courageous men and women who made the exciting, turbulent, sad recent history of the Jews.

Thomas Sugrue writes with great compassion and sensitivity, with deceptive simplicity, with warmth and enthusiasm. In Jerusalem, Molly Lyons Bar-David (whose brilliant *Diary of a Jerusalem Housewife* is familiar to all Hadassah Newsletter readers) was Thomas Sugrue's hostess and guide. Much of *Watch for the Morning* gives Molly's reactions to the perilous adventure of being a Zionist in Palestine during the last two hectic decades.

Toward the end of his Palestine sojourn, Thomas Sugrue visited the Monastery of St. John the Baptist in Ain Karem where he "talked with a white-bearded, brown-eyed German Franciscan who had been in Palestine for twenty-five years. In his youth he had been stationed for five years in St. Louis, and he had liked America. From the States he went to Italy, and from there he had come to Palestine. In Palestine he had missed the trees of America and Italy, and he had watched with pleasure as the Jews covered the hills with evergreens. He was pleased with the treatment which the monastery had received at the hands of the Jewish army and the government of Israel.

"'Well, Father,' the author asked, 'have the Great Days come?' He looked at me to ascertain the spirit in which I had asked the question. Then he said, 'God knows that all of his prophecies are being fulfilled and that all of His promises are being kept.' It was an evasive answer, but while he spoke he looked at me and his eyes told me something else. They said, yes."

BEATRICE LEVIN

Songs of My People, by Cantor Moses Silverman with Choir directed by Hyman Reznick and accompanied by Max Janowski. M.G.M. 10" L.P. Record. \$3.00.

Masterworks of Jewish Poetry, by Dina Halpern. International Yiddish Art Records. 10" L.P. \$3.50.

M.G.M. is to be commended for its good judgment in bringing together for this recording three of the foremost Jewish musicians active in the field of Jewish

music in Chicago. The beautiful lyric tenor of Moses Silverman, noted cantor of Anshe Emet Synagogue, is ably supported by a choral group under the expert direction of Hyman Reznick, and the adept piano and organ accompaniment of Max Janowski. The seven compositions performed on this record include (1) *Yehi Rotzon*, (Silverman-Janowski); (2) *Haxom Haras Olom*, (Engelhart); (3) *Toras Adoshem*, (Lewandowsky); (4) *Oif'n Veg*, (Folk song—arranged by Janowski); (5) *Yankele*, (Gebirtig); (6) *Avreimele Melamed*, (Folk song); (7) *Yerushalyim*, (Hameiri-Janowski). Of particular beauty is the *Yehi Rotzon*, wherein the Cantor's fluent coloratura, his tasteful utilization of traditional motives and the choral background are effectively combined. The *Toras Adoshem* is one of those works of Lewandowski which does not entirely yield to a West-European church influence, despite the Handelian Largo-like opening. *Oif'n Veg* and *Yankele* are in the traditional nostalgic vein, while *Avreimele Melamed* is a reminder that Ashkenazic Jewish folk-songs could laugh at times, too.

Cantor Silverman readily and successfully adopts his style to the varying demands of these songs. However, it may strike some listeners, that despite the technical excellence of its execution, the soloist's falsetto (at the end of No. 3, No. 4, and No. 7) is perhaps more superimposed than functional. From a technical viewpoint the recording of the solo voice was more carefully handled than that of the chorus. The record is a most welcome addition to the growing collection of Jewish music, and one which this reviewer most heartily recommends.

Dina Halpern, internationally known actress, active in the Yiddish theater, here recites seven poems of varying quality: *Yiddish Loshen* by Eleazer Schindler; *Tzvischen Felder* by Moshe Kulback; *Die Nudel Un Die Shpiez* by Eleazer Steinbarg; *Die Frimorgengang fun mein Mamen* by Israel Ashendorf; *Bist Du Umgerichte Dersheining* by Aaron Nissenson; *Kinder fun Maidanek* by Aaron Zeitlin; and *Tzvai Zilberne Becher* by H. Leivick. Quite evidently, the poems were chosen as much for their "declamation" potential as for their inherent poetic content. There is a difference between true poetry and rhymed ideas and most of the poems in this collection are rhymed ideas. Cer-

tainly among "masterworks of Jewish poetry" one might expect at least several more representative examples. The epic quality of a Bialik, the lyricism of a Manye Leib, are touchstones which reveal the deficiencies of the well-intentioned poems here contained. Zeitlin's *Kinder fun Maidanek* vainly attempts to put into words a tortuous anguish which is only tolerable, only comprehensible in the symbolic form of a sublimated aesthetic expression, particularly in music. Thus, no words can match the ineffable sorrow of Bach's "Crucifixus" and in the representative arts only Michelangelo's *Pieta* approaches its content. So, too, beyond words is the sorrow of the last pages of Mahler's *Song of The Earth* or of the opening measures of the final movement of Tchaikowsky's *Pathetique Symphony*.

As for the recording proper, Miss Halpern brings to these readings a voice rich and vibrant, a sensitivity, an understanding and a personal conviction that go far beyond a superficial "interpretation." It is a sad reflection on the state of the Yiddish Theater in America today that here is a first rate talent—despite the excesses of a somewhat melodramatic European tradition—with practically no outlet. The small repertoire is not being replenished, audiences are dwindling and in some instances are non-existent, and one can see little hope in the immediate future that these conditions will change. These readings, therefore, are the more to be valued.

LEON STEIN

The Hand of the Hunter, by Jerome Weidman. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 311 pp. \$3.50.

If you know Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*, this novel would remind you of it both at bottom and on the surface. If you respected or admired Mann's novel, you might suspect this one to be a travesty of it, though that might give Weidman too much credit, since *The Magic Mountain* may never have entered his mind. If you found *The Magic Mountain* too dense to be pleasant, you might be drawn into this story, which is open and breezy.

Actually, the themes are serious and seriously intended. The man with the well-ordered mind and life (in Mann, an engineer, here a CPA, a "book-keeper") suddenly makes himself part of an isolated microcosm of society living sickishly

in mind of death (not in a sanatorium on a mountain, in a decrepit ship half ice-bound waiting for convoy; not TB, war). Little dark irrationalities upset the rational little bourgeois, and a big dark irrationality, love, fantastically seizes and whirls him. His search of his past gives him no guide, and in listening both to a rationalist and an irrationalist he finds each is both right and wrong and both fact-bound and crazily inspired. Yet somehow he must learn to know himself and life and to love life better than himself.

All this is spoiled for anybody's good use by that breeziness. The manner may have been meant for the high irony so accomplished in Mann, but it sounds more like Cholly Knickerbocker. It whisks the dignity off the CPA and all but one or two of the others. (For instance, the rationalist, the Settembrini, is not an encyclopedist and a Latin but a steward and a cockney; the irrationalist, the Naphta, is not a rabbi turned Jesuit but a radio commentator). It dances the issues around, incapable of pushing them into a vortex. If the CPA's impulsive love grows from the same mystic depth as his passion for the war-cause, or if that depth itself lies just next to love of death, those possibilities could come to your mind only by remembering your Mann. Even if his love is only a silly by-product of his wrench away from home, even if this is just another story of a middle-aged man jumping his hinges, you would still want to know why the sudden death of his inamorata should bring him immediate serenity. But that's the end, the end of the novel.

Breeziness is fine if it clears the air. Here, it keeps stirring up old ground, then leaving the dust around, dry.

SAMUEL K. WORKMAN

Hostages of Civilization, by Eva G. Reichmann. Beacon Press. 281 pp. \$3.00.

The holocaust of the Hitler years has two aspects which will long haunt the Jewish memory. One of them refers to the horrible mass massacre of six million Jews which, for sheer quantity, constituted, and will continue to constitute, a shock experience of the first order. The other aspect refers to the downfall and disappearance of German Jewry which, in quantitative terms, is contained in the first, but is of an altogether different

order qualitatively. It poses the question whether the movement called "emancipation" was a mistake and whether wholehearted participation of Jews as Jews in the civilization of the land wherein they live is at all possible. If the question is answered in the negative, the Jewish community in America, which has inherited the role of German Jewry as the standard-bearer of the diaspora, may well exist, and even flourish, for a period of time, but its eventual doom is sealed. The higher the Jews of America climb, the deeper they will fall. It is said that such is the inescapable law of Jewish life in the diaspora and that the experience of the Jews of Germany has proved it. The Jews of Israel and a number of Zionists in other countries adhere to this point of view, the majority of the Jews of America, Zionists and non-Zionists alike, do not. Many, old and young, are eager for guidance in this controversy which is destined to dominate the coming period of Jewish history.

For thoughtful readers, Eva Reichmann's book provides such guidance. However, while the thesis of the book is amply documented from literary, historical and sociological sources and the text is written in a fluent and readable style, the problem itself is approached in all its complexity and pursued so tenaciously into all its crevices and hidden by-paths, that patience is needed to follow the learned guide on her way to the summit from where, as from a mountain, a widely diversified landscape lies open to a birds-eye view. There is hardly a trace of emotionalism in the book which for one who, like the author, has gone through heartbreaking experience, means high praise. No obvious bias enters into the description as the German tragedy is unfolded. Many of the insights of social psychology are used in the course of the study, but the mistake is avoided to view what happened in Germany as merely one instance of a general law. Rather, the general law is applied in such a way as to illuminate what is considered to be a unique situation. It is shown that the belated entrance of Germany into the modern world of rational thought, industry and the nation-state created tensions, frustrations and unsettled situations which, early in the nineteenth century, manifested themselves in the romantic movement. This movement, which in

Germany bore a mark all of its own, became the mouthpiece of social discontent and had counteremancipatory character. As the complexities of material life and the number of people participating in it increased, moral standards which had been adapted to a simpler economy and to more intimate modes of communication disintegrated rapidly. The age of the mass-man had arrived. The bombastic materialism of the Hohenzollern Empire deepened the rift until finally the country, peculiarly ill-prepared to meet the challenge of the situation, experienced the added decomposition of values that marked the period after the unexpected defeat in the first World War. The reason for the success of Nazism is seen in the fact that it satisfied the desire of the masses to escape from the obligations of conscience and responsible reasoning as well as from a sense of social degradation and national humiliation and that it pointed up the Jew as the anti-symbol to all legitimate aspirations. The author maintains that no actual Jewish problem existed at that time. Neither were the Jews of Germany numerous enough to be a threat nor were they considered alien in culture by the majority of their Christian compatriots. There was no pronounced economic antagonism and the social distance which separated Jews from non-Jews had lessened from decade to decade throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Not the living Jewish neighbor but the mythical Jew was held up as the devil-incarnate. He represented not so much himself but the con-founded ills of a world out of joint and a depraved humanity.

On the strength of her investigation, the author concludes that the events that unfolded in Germany and engulfed the world were entirely unique in character, in the double sense that they could not have come to pass in any other locale but Germany and even in Germany only because of an unrepeatable concatenation of circumstances. Consequently, the way of life of the Jews of Germany, which she characterizes as combining identification with their environment with the will to remain Jews and to retain the values of Judaism, is not considered to have been reduced to absurdity. Rather, the author holds that this combination was a powerful source of resistance while other sources of resistance were weak, partly

because of the particular historical development of Germany, partly because of the general social disintegration which took place in the industrial era. Elsewhere, comparable frustrations and anxieties exist as a concomitant of the innumerable complexities of modern life, but the defenses, anchored in a different heritage, are stronger. The thesis which the book attempts to prove is that there is nothing in the recent German experience which disproves the possibility of emancipation, that is the possibility of continued Jewish existence in an environment of liberty.

In view both of the formidable effort and the encouraging message which the book entails, objections should be subdued. Besides, much of the criticism might be about matters of detail that are of little interest to the general reader. Only one observation on method and one or two on substance shall be mentioned. Frequent reference to sociological literature notwithstanding, the author has a tendency to view the history of thought and the development of social forces as parallel streams rather than as two modes of expression for one and the same thing. Thus, all the elements of the story are elaborated, but the point of linkage is not always made sufficiently clear. Further, while the general picture of the German scene is drawn with care, what is said about the German-Jewish community, which is part of this picture, must be taken on faith. Their way of life is referred to, but not described. Apparently, the author takes for granted what she knows well enough without considering that it is little understood elsewhere. Formerly active in German-Jewish organizational life, she speaks from competence and her factual statements are by no means incorrect. Nevertheless, a gap is felt by the American-Jewish reader who would have wished to have the points of comparison between the German and the American situation, as far as Jewish community life is concerned, made entirely explicit to him. He should not have been expected to interpolate, to infer and to solidify the dotted lines, as it were. Finally, while it has been demonstrated that the impossibility of emancipation is by no means axiomatic, this does not imply that the possibility is beyond doubt or does not, at the very least, require qualification. The opposite is the case. It remains incontestably true that the image

of the Jew as a counter-symbol is at the roots of Western civilization and constitutes a threat which recedes at times but reappears at the slightest provocation. The author herself is aware of the precarious minority status of the Jews in the countries of the diaspora. Consequently, she counsels that Jews impose restraints upon themselves beyond those imposed on all law-abiding citizens as a concession to human imperfection. If this is realistic, then, to the amount to which it is, emancipation has not been altogether a success. Could it be that the author, at this point, subconsciously argues against herself? Whatever the answer to this question may be, it remains remarkable that the book, after all that has been said to prove the thesis, ends on a note of doubt and uncertainty. This shows that it is a sincere book.

WERNER J. CAHNMAN

Milk and Honey, Israel Explored, by George Mikes. Wingate, London and New York. 160 pp. \$1.75.

During Nazi times immigrants to Palestine were asked—so the joke goes—“Did you come out of conviction or out of Germany?” It wasn’t a joke, however. Very few came because they wanted to live there; most entered because they could not live in their old countries any longer and no other country would let them in.

Mikes has written a delightfully funny little book from which it is evident that many of the difficulties experienced by the new State of Israel have their roots in this influx of people who were not, and are still not, interested in building up a new state or a new nation and who didn’t want a new way of life. Those who came “out of conviction” had little difficulty in adapting themselves to the new way of life forced upon all the inhabitants of Israel by economic necessity. In a country which had to be built up “from scratch” and which began her life by successfully defending herself against armed aggression, new social values just had to emerge: the manual worker is needed more, draws higher pay, and attains a higher status than the broker or lawyer. Happy, although sometimes homesick, are those who accept this state of affairs. Mikes tells us about the former manufacturer of chocolate who now enjoys being a truck driver. For many

immigrants this is, in general, a step down, resented as long as they use their former scale of values. But for certain other groups, like Bulgarian and especially Yemenite and other African Jews, it is a step up.

Mikes describes the two groups of people who dislike their present situation intensely: the former terrorists and the religious zealots. The terrorists, like some resistance fighters in France or Holland, yearn for the heroic days of bygone glory and feel frustrated now that their dream has been fulfilled and they have to face only the humdrum problems of everyday life. The religious bigots oppose the new state either because it was sacrilegiously founded too early, namely before the advent of the Messiah, or because it refuses to force orthodoxy upon all citizens.

Mikes’ book was written before the last elections revealed the considerable increase in strength of the General Zionists, which party he doesn’t mention at all. Those who came “out of conviction” took it for granted that the new state was to be built upon moderate Socialist principles. Not all of them went as far as the kibbutzim who disdain individual private property, but they realized that the tremendous task of developing a new country out of deserts cannot be left to private capital if it is to cope with the present rate of immigration. The General Zionists oppose Ben Gurion’s moderate State Socialism and want more elbow room for “Free Enterprise.” I wonder how many of them came “out of Germany.”

FELIX J. WEIL

Aaron Levy: Founder of Aaronsburg. Studies in American Jewish History. Number 1. By Sidney M. Fish, Ph. D., American Jewish Historical Society. 81 pp. \$1.50.

The first of the Studies in American Jewish History has made its auspicious appearance. The American Jewish Historical Society augments and enlarges its scope by sponsoring a series of monographs devoted to the exploration of new areas in the field of American Jewish History. Mr. Lee M. Friedman, President of the Society, in his introduction to this little volume expresses the hope that “this study will be a forerunner of other

equally valuable contributions to American history and will . . . expand the knowledge of the role played by Jews in the development of our country and its noble heritage and at the same time enhance and advance American Jewish historiography."

Dr. Sidney M. Fish of the faculty of Gratz College in Philadelphia, has set himself the pleasant task of reconstructing the biography of a Jewish entrepreneur whose vast real estate ventures have left their mark on the state of Pennsylvania and on Aaronsburg or "Jewstown" particularly.

In 1786 Aaron Levy donated the ground upon which the Salem Lutheran Church now stands. One hundred and fifty years later, October 23, 1949, this religious group undertook a Commemoration Program dedicated to interfaith religious and racial understanding. Over the site of the celebration there hovered the shadow of a man whom all Americans are glad to acclaim—whose birth place is still unknown, much of whose early biography is still in the realm of speculation, but whose later accomplishments lend honor to American Jews.

Vast land speculations were undertaken by Aaron Levy. The ownership of hundreds of thousands of acres of land passed through his hands. His partners and associates were the "elite" of the land, Robert Morris and James Wilson and the Gratz brothers and Joseph Simon. The affairs of the Illinois-Wabash Land companies were not among the smallest of his concerns. During the Revolutionary War Levy served with the Northumberland unit of the State Militia. His name also appears on the lists of Captain John Ewing's Company of the Lancaster County State Militia.

Aaron and Rachel Levy, having no children of their own, adopted Simon Gratz, brother of Rebecca Gratz, as their son. Although all of the ten children of Michael and Miriam Gratz came in for their share of love and affection, in his will, Aaron remembered Rebecca by a gift of "my gilt Silver Oval Sugar Bowl with lid and Silver Bowl without lid . . ."

By far the largest gift which Aaron Levy could bestow upon the land of his adoption, the gift of brotherhood in action, now becomes his finest and most enduring memorial.

ANITA LIBMAN LEBESON

Bride of the Sabbath, by Samuel Ornitz. Rinehart Company, Inc. 410 pp. \$3.75.

The East Side of New York has often been penetratingly described. There is to begin with, *David Levinsky* by Abraham Cahan; there are the several novels by Anzia Yeierska; there is Sholom Asch's *East River* and, lately, the trilogy of Irving Shulman carries the reader from the slums of Brooklyn into the sordidness of the blighted areas of New York. There are other artists whose compassion and anger have painted striking canvasses that leave us ashamed of man's inhumanity to man. Samuel Ornitz's latest novel is a notable contribution in a field already well plowed but which, affords still, a substantial yield.

Bride of the Sabbath is the story of the early life and experiences of an orphaned boy Saul Kramer, on the East Side of New York; in it also are some of the most appealing characters to be found in American-Jewish fiction, people who helped mould him into manhood—his grandparents—his *Zade* and his *Baba*. The period described is the early decade of this century. The grandmother is intractable in her resentment against innovations that life in the United States inflicts upon what she deems "pure" Judaism. Yet she is a votary of Judaic precepts in no fanatic sense; barely literate she is fiercely at war with the realities of her environment and she is a tower of strength to the underprivileged and the confused of her class and faith.

Kramer comes of age at a time when "contract" labor practices were a vicious form of exploitation of the immigrant; when the unorganized hordes of cheap labor, recently from overseas, were fighting the police, the hoodlums, and the "bosses" for the right to unionize; when street gangs were openly molesting the Jew; and when a youth's sex appetites were gratified in the primitive manner of an animal. And, it was, of course, always poverty, fear of unemployment and lack of free economic opportunities that interfered with man's aspiration toward enlightenment. And with it the bleakness that came from frustration.

Ornitz's characters dwell in a believable milieu and most of them seem strikingly real. There is the process of disintegration of old values as the "second generation" comes of age. Ornitz, the artist, is frequently the impassioned pamphleteer, the

social historian in command of a thesis that economic and political maladjustments in our land should be attributed to greed and ignorance of men and that, as such, the problems posed are not unsolvable.

Less convincing though no less interesting is the second portion of the book where Kramer, mature, educated, a social worker comes to grip with the maladjustments and complexities of his environment. Our likable hero seems vague, unsure of his values, groping for the eternally unsolvable answer as to what is truth—and that through situations which, though impressive, failed to convince me.

Bride of the Sabbath is a serious and a notable contribution to our fund of knowledge of an important segment of Jewry in the United States. If, here and there, the author indulges in special pleading he is always the competent artist in command of a difficult thesis.

BENJAMIN WEINTROUB

The Troubled Air, by Irwin Shaw.
Random House. 418 pp. \$3.75.

In Mr. Shaw's telling no single phenomenon of our times is more conspicuous than the so-called process of red-baiting. In the realm of business and in classrooms, in the pulpit and in Congress, in labor circles and in industry there is relentless pursuit of people who profess an interest in concepts of Liberalism. It is reiterating a commonplace to assert that opportunists and racketeers have taken upon themselves to smear innocent men and women and, that those who would or should protest that the job of uncovering the enemies of our state is the task of duly constituted authorities, fear to utter their resentment.

Mr. Shaw's novel is occupied with such a theme. The central character is one Clement Archer, formerly a teacher of English in a Western College who makes good as a director of a sponsored radio broadcast devoted to the promotion of a druggist's products. Archer succeeds in surrounding himself with a group of artists who make his performances a great

hit with audiences. With some of the artists—particularly with the male star, a former student of his, his relationship is most comradely. Of others he knows little, interested only in their artistic competency. Their politics like their personal lives are a matter of indifference to him.

One day, years after Archer's able directorship, the head of the advertising agency and Archer's boss, demands of him that he summarily discharge four of his best actors. Reason: the performers alleged present or former affiliation with the Communist party or communist front organizations. The director, stunned, demands and receives a brief stay of execution to check the accuracy of the accusation; his protestations that the "show" will be ruined if the best of his staff are fired and, that one's beliefs are his own, are ignored. His own position, he is told, will be in jeopardy if he persists in his espousal of the rights of the accused.

The Troubled Air dwells in considerable detail upon Archer's contacts with the accused. With the failure of his mission to assert successfully the rights of an American to freedom of expression; and there slowly dawns upon him a conviction that intellectual honesty will cost him a lucrative job.

His fall, however, is more attributable to the machinations of his best friend, the star of his ensemble of players. It is his bosom friend who, it develops, is the Communist who had used him for years in the interest of the Party. Ruthless and treacherous that actor plotted against his own and the welfare of the United States. Clement Archer refuses to surrender his principles of liberalism and idealism, loses his job, and breaks with his erstwhile Communist friend. In an impassioned peroration he promises to devote himself to the undoing of the nefarious labors plotted by his subversive friend and other enemies of the American way of life.

Mr. Shaw has done a lively story. *The Troubled Air* makes for frequently breathless reading. His hero is a believable exponent of an American liberal. Also, the volume is a good social tract.

BENJAMIN WEINTROUB

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